

THE
REVELLER.

A Curious COLLECTION
OF
Favourite NEW SONGS,
(Containing upwards of Two Hundred)

In which are included those of
MIRTH, || *The* BOTTLE,
JOLLITY, || HUNTING, &c.

With those S U N G by
The most' Eminent Performers;
A T
The THEATRES, || RANELAGH,
LAUXHALL, || MARYBON,

And all Publick Places of Diversion,
Few of which are to be found in any other Collection
yet published.

With an Alphabetical Contents,
For the more ready finding out each SONG.

Youth's a Season made for Joy.

GAY.

L O N D O N:
Printed and sold by J. Williams, the Corner of the
Mitre Tavern, Fleet-Street.

[Price only ONE SHILLING, sew'd.]



T H E P R E F A C E.

*T*HE Mind should sometimes be diverted, that it may return to Business with more Vigour; and of all the rational Ways of spending our pleasurable Hours, Conversation and Music are certainly the best: For, by Conversation, the Mind receives an Improvement, which is very rarely acquir'd by Solitude; and, by Music, our Spirits are enliven'd, and we are better enabled to encounter the various Difficulties and Afflictions that we frequently meet with in Life. It is therefore a very judicious Observation of Mr. POPE's:

By Music, Minds an equal Temper know;
Nor swell too high, nor sink too low:
If in the Breast tumultuous Joys arise,
Music her soft, assuasive Voice applies.

The following Songs were publish'd, in order to inspire Chearfulness, and to give a Relish to Conversation and the Bottle. They are such, as have been admir'd for the Excellency of their
Com-

P R E F A C E.

Composition ; and have been sung, by the most Eminent Performers, at our Theatres, Vauxhall, Ranelagh, and other Publick Places of Diversion, to the politest Audiences, with universal Applause. The Places they were sung at, and the Persons they were sung by, are not inserted, for two Reasons : The first, Because inserting them would have render'd it impossible to sell this Collection so Cheap ; and the second, Because those Persons who frequent the Theatres, &c. know where they were sung, and by whom ; so that it would have put the Purchaser to an unnecessary Expence. It may not be improper to add, That this is the largest and best Collection ever publish'd at so trifling a Price as ONE SHILLING, sew'd in Blue Covers ; and therefore, 'tis presum'd, will meet with Encouragement from the PUBLICK.

The Editor, in order to render this Collection as agreable as possible, has taken Care to omit all such Songs as may spread a Blush on the Cheek of Modesty ; so that the FAIR SEX may be entertain'd with them in the Parlour, the Summer-House, or the Grove, and not be startled at being found in their Company.

Kebley, Dec. 1722

The

The CONTENTS.

A

A S <i>Daphne</i> sat beneath the Shade	Page 35
As <i>May</i> in all her youthful Dress	45
As soon hope for Peace 'twixt the Hawk, &c.	65
As <i>Damon</i> in a Summer's Day	100
As pleasing as Shades to a way-faring Swain	101
At Night, by Moon-Light on the Plain	113
At the Wake, t'other Even, &c.	118
Attend all ye Fair, and I'll tell you the Art	131
As <i>Colin</i> rang'd early one Morning, &c.	141
A thousand Raptures fill my Breast	163
Arise, my Fair, and come away	165
A Term full as long as the Siege, &c.	170
A Wretch, long tortur'd with Disdain	173
As <i>Jamie Gay</i> , &c.	174
Advance, my brave Boys, &c.	184

B

By Mason's Art th' aspiring Dome	72
Beneath a Woodbine's silver Shade	91
Beneath this sad and silent Gloom	98
Balmy Sweetness ever flowing	165
Blithe <i>Colin</i> , a pretty young Swain	169

C

Come, Fair One, and rove thro' the Vale	32
<i>Celia</i> has a thousand Charms	58
<i>Chloe</i> , by all the Pow'rs above	61
Come <i>Roger</i> and <i>Nell</i> , &c.	77
Come, let us prepare	84
Come, live with me, and be my Love	105
Consider, fair <i>Sylvia</i> , ere Wedlock you chuse	116
Come, chear up, my Lads, &c.	122
Come here, fellow Servant, &c.	126
Come, my <i>Laura</i> , heav'nly Maid	128
Come listen awhile and I'll tickle your Ears	144
<i>Cleon</i> , whose Heart foretold Despair	157
Cruel <i>Cupid</i> , break thy Darts	164

CONTENTS.

D

Defend my Heart, ye Virgin Pow'rs	Page 55
Daughter sweet of Voice and Air	58
Dear <i>Ned</i> , let us taste the true Pleasures of Wine	84
Dear, unrelenting, cruel Fair	140
Decripit Winter limp'd away	146
Dearest Creature of all Nature	152
Domestick Bird, whom wintry Blasts	155
Dear <i>Ally</i> , I love thee, &c.	162
<i>Damon</i> had pluck'd a new-blown Rose	178

F

From Morn to Night, from Day to Day	41
Fair <i>Kitty</i> beautiful and young	87
For <i>Florimel</i> , so fair of late	102
Fairest Daughter of the Day	103
<i>Flora</i> , Goddess sweetly blooming	109
Fame of <i>Dorinda</i> 's Conquests brought	135
Farewel my Flocks, once tender Care	138
Fair and comely is my Love	165

G

Goddess of the dimp'ling Smile	66
Genteel in Personage	115
Great <i>Diocles</i> the Bear has kill'd	130
Gentle <i>Cupid</i> ! seek my Lover	134
Good Mother, if you please, you may	154
Go tell <i>Aminta</i> , gentle Swain	179

H

Hail, meek-ey'd Ev'ning, clad in sober Grey	41
How can they taste of Joys or Grief	52
Hark, <i>Daphne</i> , from the Hawthorn Bush	60
Happy Scene of gay Delight	63
Hail Masonry, thou Craft divine	73
Haste, <i>Phillis</i> , haste, while Youth invites	100
How sweet is the Ev'ning Air	112
How few, like you, would dare advise	113
How hapless is the Virgin's Fate	135
Hark!	

CONTENTS.

Hark ! the hollow Groves resounding *Page* 164
Hear me, Love, my Sorrows ending *ibid.*

I

If from the Lustre of the Sun 51
I'll hasten to the sylvan Shades 75
If I live to grow old, for I find I go down 76
I lost myself when first I view'd 83
If e'er in some fresh Cheek you see 96
In Love's Name you're charg'd hereby 104
I'll face ev'ry Danger 108
I seek my Shepherd, gone astray 110
If Wine and Musick have the Pow'r 122
In Story we're told 123
I die with too transporting Joy 135
In *June's* fragrant Month, &c. 140
I made Love to *Kate*, &c. 143
I am in Truth, &c. 148
In various Shapes I've oft been known, &c. 151
If all that I love is her Face 156
It is not for *Polly*, it is not for *Ann* 176

L

Let Rakes for Pleasure range the Town 36
Long had fair *Delia* slighted *Damon's* Love 37
Let Masonry be now my Theme 71
Last Time I saw my *Chloe's* Eyes 81
Let the Nymph still avoid, &c. 92
Love's a gentle gen'rous Passion 134
Love's the Tyrant of the Heart 142
Love sounds the Alarm 159
Let not Pleasure's Charms undo thee 163
Last *Tuesday* Morn at Break of Day 175

M

Maria, when my Sight you bless 43
My Banks they are furnish'd with Bees 48
Man on Creation 51
My Heart's like an Anvil, the Hammer is Love 63
My Pride is to hold all Mankind in my Chain 64
My

C O N T E N T S.

My <i>Sukey</i> , while I fondly gaze	Page 89
<i>Myrtilla</i> , demanding the Aid of my Pen	95
My Fair is beautiful as Love	138
My Daddy is gone to his Grave	143
<i>Moggy</i> , dear <i>Moggy</i> , why thus am I flighted	160
More bright the Sun began to dawn	182
N	
Near the Side of a Pond, at the Foot of a Hill	61
Now the Snow-drop lifts her Head	68
Now the happy Knot is ty'd	97
No more the festive Train I join	111
No Woman her Envy can smother	114
Nymphs and Shepherds come away	183
O	
O lovely <i>Celia</i> ! heav'nly Maid	31
O, <i>Bell</i> , thy Looks have pierc'd my Heart	53
Of good <i>English</i> Beer our Songs let's raise	57
Op'ning Bud of matchless Beauty	62
Oh, let me, unreserv'd, declare	63
O say ! must I sigh and pine, my Love	66
On, on, my dear Brethren	70
One <i>Midsummer</i> Morning, when Nature, &c.	106
O leave me to complain	115
Of the States in Life so various	128
O what Joys does Conquests yield	ibid.
On dear <i>Zelinda's</i> Charms I gaze	156
Of all the Girls in our Town	172
P	
Prithee send me back my Heart	40
Parting to Death we well compare	146
Pleasing Visions shall attend thee	163
R	
Rous'd <i>Europe</i> now is up in Arms	80
Resolv'd, as her Poet, of <i>Celia</i> to sing	137
S	
See, Charmer, see yon Myrtle Grove	26
Sure <i>Sally</i> is the loveliest Lass	28
	Sweet

CONTENTS.

Sweet were once the Joys I tasted	Page 34
See, <i>Stella</i> , as your Health returns	46
<i>Sylvia</i> , wilt thou waste thy Prime	56
<i>Strepthon</i> , with native Freedom blest'd	88
Soft God of Sleep, when thou dost seal	91
Sure a Lass in her Bloom, &c.	92
See! the radiant Queen of Night	112
See how the Lambs are sporting	<i>ibid.</i>
See, <i>Thyrsis</i> , see yon drooping Fair	117
Sound, sound aloud, triumphant Fame	147

T

The fair <i>Florella</i> now I sing	25
Tho' cruel you seem to my Pain	30
The Man who seeks to win the Fair	31
The sweet rosy Morning	54
'Thus mighty eastern Kings, and some	73
The Parent Bird, whose little Nest	76
Three Goddesses standing together	78
'The Heroes preparing to finish the War	96
Teach me not to chace in Love	105
Tho' lost to my View, &c.	107
The Poets in Conscience, &c.	113
Thus fondly caressing	116
This Way, pretty Maid, would you go	118
Turn, dearest <i>Cynthia</i> , turn and see	132
'Thou only Darling I admire	134
Tho' Ladies look gay, &c.	144
There was a Maid, and she went to the Mill	151
Tho' I sweep to and fro old Iron to find	160
Thou soft Invader of the Soul	166
Tho' <i>Austria</i> and <i>Russia</i> , &c.	167
The Card invites, in Crowds we fly	179
The kind Appointment <i>Celia</i> made	180
'To yonder Beeches friendly Shade	181
The Chains of Love we wear with Pleasure	183

U

Unwearied with loving, repuls'd tho' in vain	33
Upon a Summer's Evening clear	171

While

C O N T E N T S.

W

While pensive on the lonely Plain	Page 28
When first my <i>Phillis</i> did appear	29
Woman, thoughtless, giddy Creature	40
When you for me alone had Charms	42
Why will <i>Florella</i> , when I gaze	45
What shall I say to make my Fair	50
What tho' my Parents frown and scold	69
When <i>April</i> Day began to rise	82
While Beaux to please the Ladies write	85
Where <i>Thame</i> and swelling <i>Isis</i> join	91
When Snows descend, and robe the Fields	101
Without Affectation, gay, youthful and pretty	116
When Beauty's Goddess from the Ocean sprung	136
Where shall a poor forsaken Virgin fly	139
What Haste you were in to be doing	143
Why should Women so much be controul'd	148
When we, dearest <i>Nell</i> , shall be parted	149
Why should I my Passion smother	153
When beauteous fair <i>Camila</i> deigns	158
Weep not, my lovely <i>Celia</i> fair	<i>ibid.</i>
What tho' his Guilt my Heart hath torn	161
Where's my Swain so blythe and clever	177
When <i>Strephon</i> to <i>Chloe</i> , &c.	183

Y

Young <i>Hobinol</i> , the blithest Swain	32
Ye Virgin Pow'rs, defend my Heart	39
Ye Shepherds, so chearful and gay	46
Ye Fair, that would be blest in Love	61
Ye Shepherds and Nymphs, &c.	88
Ye Nymphs and Swains, &c.	90
Young <i>Strephon</i> , by a lonely Grove	94
Ye Fair, who shine thro' <i>Britain's</i> Isle	120
Ye Gods! you gave to me a Wife	127
Ye purple blooming Roses	154
Ye fam'd witty Nine	166
Ye Powers, that o'er true Love preside	184

A
COLLECTION
OF
SONGS.

SONG I.

THE fair *Florella* now I sing
In am'rous Woodland Lays;
I'll make both Hills and Vallies ring
With dear *Florella's* Praise.

Each mossy Bank, and shady Beach,
That courts my ready Lays,
Shall hear my Flute : The Warblers teach
My dear *Florella's* Praise.

The Warblers of the tuneful Grove
Shall gladly learn my Lays,
And join with me, in mutual Love,
To sing *Florella's* Praise.

The Thrush, the Lark, and feather'd Choir,
That love melodious Lays,
With me shall join, in fond Desire,
To sing *Florella's* Praise.

When *Phœbus* streaks the eastern Sky,
With bright and ruddy Rays,
Then to the bleating Plain I'll hie,
To sing *Florella's* Praise.

And when he sinks below the Hill,
I'll not forget my Lays ;
But, on the Side of yonder Rill,
Will sing *Florella's* Praise.

But should my Strains *Florella* spurn,
Unheeded be my Lays ;
My labour'd Song meet no Return,
Nor know *Florella's* Praise :

I'd to some moss-grown Cot retire,
And sing my luckless Lays ;
Florella will my Theme inspire,
Whilst I can sing her Praise.

SONG II.

A PASTORAL DIALOGUE.

D A M O N.

SEE, Charmer, see yon Myrtle Grove,
So fragrant, fresh and gay,
Invites my *Flora*, Queen of Love,
To hail the infant *May*.
Now whilst each feather'd Choirist sings
His love-exciting Strains,
Whilst ev'ry Vale with Musick rings,
Oh, mitigate my Pains !

FLORA.

F L O R A.

By *Damon's* fond delusive Strain
 Poor *Lucy* was undone ;
 And but last Eve, upon the Plain,
 I *Damon* met with one,
 Who hail'd me with her tender Sighs,
 And cry'd she was bereav'd
 Of that young Maidens mostly prize,
 That *Damon* her deceiv'd.

D A M O N

Why shou'd you, *Flora*, so much strive
 To vex your fetter'd Swain ?
 I swear 'tis false, I'd sooner die,
 For *Flora* hide my Pain,
 Than by delusive Words or Arts
 A simple Maid beguile ;
 My Tongue nought else but Truth imparts,
 I live in *Flora's* Smile.

F L O R A.

I, *Damon*, must some Doubt sustain ;
 My Bosom swells with Care :
 Lest silly I should ease your Pain,
 And you your Love forbear.

D A M O N.

Sure Heav'n has formed for Delight
 That charming Form of thine ;
 No, no, my Maid, I ne'er can flight,
 Nor e'er my Love decline.

F L O R A.

May ev'ry Day your Love renew,
 Still *Damon* wiser be ;
 Let's each our tender Flock pursue,
 Both happy whilst we're free.

SONG III.

WHILE pensive on the lonely Plain,
 Far from the Sight of her I love,
 To the clear Stream I tell my my Pain,
 And sigh my Passion to the Grove.

Echo, sweet Goddess of the Wood,
 From all thy Cells resound my Care ;
 And *Thames* along thy silver Flood,
 Convey my Murmurs to the Fair.

Tell her, ah ! tell the charming Maid,
 In vain the feather'd Warblers sing ;
 In vain the Trees extend their Shade,
 Or blooming *Flora* paints the Spring.

While absent from her sweeter Charms,
 Not all these Beauties can invire ;
 But did she bless her *Damon's* Arms,
 Ev'n barren Deserts wou'd delight.

SONG IV.

SURE *Sally* is the loveliest Lass,
 That e'er gave Shepherd Glee ;
 Not *May-Day* in its Morning Dress,
 Is half so fair as she :
 Let Poets paint the *Paphian* Queen,
 And fancied Forms adore ;
 Ye Bards had ye my *Sally* seen,
 You'd think on those no more. —

No more ye'd prate of *Hybla's* Hill,
 Where Bees their Honey sip,
 Did ye but know the Sweets that dwell
 On *Sally's* love-taught Lip :

But,

But, ah! take heed ye tuneful Swains,
 The ripe Temptation shun,
 Or else like me ye'll wear her Chains,
 Like me you'll be undone.

Once in my Cot secure I slept,
 And Lark-like hail'd the Morn;
 More sportive than the Kid I kept,
 I wanton'd o'er the Lawn:
 To ev'ry Maid Love-*tales* I told,
 And did my Truth aver;
 Yet e'er the parting Kiss was cold,
 I laugh'd at Love and her.

But now the gloomy Grove I seek,
 Where love-lorn Shepherds stray;
 There to the Winds my Grief I speak,
 And sigh my Soul away:
 Nought but Despair my Fancy paints,
 No Dawn of Hope I see;
 For *Sally's* pleas'd with my Complaints,
 And laughs at Love and me.

Since these my poor neglected Lambs,
 So late my only Care,
 Have lost their tender fleecy Dams,
 And stray'd I know not where:
 Alas! my Ewes, in vain ye bleat,
 My Lambkins lost, adieu;
 No more we on the Plains shall meet,
 For lost's your Shepherd too.

S O N G V.

WHEN first my *Phillis* did appear,
 I look'd, and thought her passing fair;
 And when she spoke Attention hung
 To catch the Musick of her Tongue;

But still I thought myself secure,
She pleas'd—but ah! could nothing more.

Tho' all the Day I gaz'd, my Sight
Was still engag'd with new Delight;
All Day I listen'd, still I found
New Life, new Sense in ev'ry Sound;
And what so slightly pleas'd before,
I now admir'd—or something more.

But when my Passion I confess'd,
And ev'ry Wish that warm'd my Breast;
To find the dear consenting Maid
At once so kind to all I said,
If Love possess'd my Heart before,
Now sure it must be something more.

And judge, ye Youths, what Heart-felt Bliss
Sprang from the soft inspiring Kiss;
When Love the faithful Union ty'd,
And gave me *Phyllis* for my Bride;
'Twas simple all I felt before,
'Twas now—there could be nothing more.

SONG VI.

THO' cruel you seem to my Pain,
And hate me because I am true;
Yet, *Phyllis*, you love a false Swain,
Who has other Nymphs in his View.
Enjoyment's a Trifle to him,
To me what a Heaven 'twou'd be!
To him but a Woman you seem,
But, ah! you're an Angel to me.

Those Lips which he touches in Haste,
To them I for ever could grow;
Still clinging around that dear Waist,
Which he spans as beside him you go.

That

That Arm, like a Lilly so white,
Which over his Shoulders you lay,
My Bosom could warm it all Night,
My Lips they would press it all Day.

Were I like a Monarch to reign,
Were Graces my Subjects to be,
I'd leave 'em and fly to the Plain,
To dwell in a Cottage with thee.
But if I must feel thy Disdain,
If Tears cannot Cruelty drown,
Oh! let me not live in this Pain,
But give me my Death in a Frown.

S O N G VII.

O Lovely *Celia*! heav'nly Maid,
Kind, gentle, fair and free;
In all thy Sex's Charms array'd,
How few are form'd like thee.

Thy Image always fills my Mind,
The Theme of ev'ry Song;
I'm fix'd to thee alone, I find,
But ask not for how long.

The Fair, in gen'ral, I've admir'd,
Have long been false and true,
And when the last my Fancy tir'd,
It wander'd round to you.

Then, while I can, I'll be sincere,
As Turtles to their Mates;
This Moment's your's and mine, my Dear,
The next, you know, is Fate's.

S O N G VIII.

THE Man who seeks to win the Fair,
As Custom says, must Truth forbear,

Must

Must fawn, and flatter, cringe and lye,
And raise the Goddess to the Sky.

For Truth is hateful to her Ear,
A Rudeness which she cannot bear :
A Rudeness?—Yes—I speak my Thoughts,
For Truth upbraids her with her Faults.

How wretched, *Chloe*, then am I,
Who love you, and yet cannot lye?
And still to make you less my Friend,
I strive your Errors to amend.

S O N G IX.

YOUNG *Hobincl*, the blithest Swain,
Long Time a Dupe to haughty *Molly* ;
With oaten Reed and rustick Strain,
Now pipes and sings the Praise of *Dolly* :
O my *Dolly*, smiling *Dolly*,
My sweetly blooming, dearest *Dolly*,
Ye Woods, ye Lawns, ye Flocks, ye Fawns,
Assist me in the Praise of *Dolly*.

The dimpl'd Cheek, the sooty Eye,
And ruby Lip belong to *Molly* ;
But Virtue and Simplicity,
Alone bedeck my lovely *Dolly* :
O my *Dolly*, &c.

As late I rov'd, my Herds astray,
I spy'd my Love most melancholy ;
And over-heard the Fair One say,
Lo! there's the Man that's made for *Dolly* :
O my *Dolly*, &c.

We quickly met and down we sat,
Then told our Loves beneath yon Holly ;
But should I half our Joys relate,
You'd surely envy me and *Dolly* :

O my

O my Dolly, smiling Dolly,
 My sweetly blooming, dearest Dolly,
 Ye Woods, ye Lawns, ye Flocks, ye Fawns,
 Assist me in the Praise of Dolly.

S O N G X.

COME, Fair One, and rove thro' the Vale,
 Where the Cowslip and Hyacinth blow ;
 Come, hear the Linnets soft Tale,
 As he chaunts on the new-blossom'd Bough :
 Come, *Celia*, approach to yon Bush,
 What Harmony sounds through the Glade ;
 How closely his Mate joins the Thrush ;
 See how Musick with Love is repaid.

How happy the Lark who ascends,
 And warbles his Sonnet on high ;
 For on the green Turf when it ends,
 How fondly his Female hops nigh :
 But happy, more happy the Swain,
 Whose Pipe gently breath'd thro' the Grove,
 Can soften the rigid Disdain,
 And, *Celia*, subdue thee with Love.

Come sit on the Trefoil ; for see
 What a Carpet sweet *Flora* has spread ;
 A Garland from yon Hawthorn Tree,
 With these Daisies shall circle thy Head :
 On thy Bosom to lull me to Ease,
 What Shepherd so happy as I ?
 For, *Celia*, thy Kindness will please,
 When the Roses of Beauty shall die.

S O N G XI.

U Nwearied with loving, repuls'd tho' in vain,
 Young *Strephon* still tries my Affection to gain ;
 Three

Three Twelvemonths of Courtship already are past,
Yet he hopes I shall yield, and relent at the last.

In the Dance t'other Day on the Green, at the Wake,
My Hand the young Shepherd with Rapture will take ;
And in downright Compassion, I promis'd to wear
A Ring with a Heart, which he bought at the Fair.

But who knows that the Pity I took on the Swain,
Won't alarm my dear *Thyrsis* with Jealousy's Pain ?
Then I'll run to be true where I plighted before,
And *Strephon* nor see, nor will listen to more.

I bid him begone, but with feeble Disdain,
He leaves me unwilling, and hies back again :
He tempts me, conjures me, and bids me comply ;
I must not resign, so am forc'd for to fly.

O *Cupid*, to succour young *Strephon* forbear,
Least *Thyrsis* should languish, o'er-whelm'd with
Despair,
And I give at the Altar my Hand, and the rest
Not to him who woo'd first, but the Youth who loves
best.

S O N G XII.

SWEET were once the Joys I tasted,
All was Jollity and Love ;
Time, methought, too nimbly hasted,
Which on Pleasure's Wings did move :
Chloe then was all my Treasure,
Never was a richer Swain ;
Chloe doubled every Pleasure,
Chloe banish'd every Pain.

But

But the envious God repining,
 So much Bliss on Earth to see ;
 All their bit'rest Curses joining,
 Dash'd my Cup with Jealousy :
 Now, where erst my Pipe resounded,
 Steals the Sigh and heart-felt Groan ;
 Love, by Fears and Doubts surrounded,
 Ill disputes a tottering Throne.

Fool, that ever art pursuing
 What conceal'd is ever best ;
 Jealousy, Love's Child and Ruin,
 Leave, O leave, my tortur'd Breast :
 With the Slave thy Pow'r confessing,
 Thou too, *Venus*, mildly deal ;
 Those who shun, or slight thy Blessing,
 Should alone thy Terrors feel.

S O N G XIII.

AS *Daphne* sat beneath the Shade,
 To keep her Sheep from straying ;
 It is a pleasing Thing, she said,
 To live without obeying.

How pleasant is a single Life,
 'Tis far beyond Expression ?
 But she that is become a Wife,
 Needs Pity and Compassion.

She bids adieu to all her Joy,
 When Matrimony binds her ;
 To one who does his Thoughts employ,
 In striving to confine her.

How pleasant then is Liberty,
 When none can e'er molest them ;
 And they are Fools who don't live free,
 When Fortune so has blest them.

S O N G

SONG XIV.

JOHNNY and JENNY.

A DIALOGUE.

He. **L**ET Rakes for Pleasure range the Town,
 Or Misers doat on golden Guineas;
 Let Plenty smile, or Fortune frown,
 The Sweets of Love are mine and Jenny's,
 Mine and Jenny's, mine and Jenny's,
 The Sweets of Love are mine and Jenny's.

She. Let wanton Maids indulge Desire,
 How soon the fleeting Pleasure gone is!
 The Joys of Virtue never tire,
 And such shall still be mine and Johnny's,
 Mine and Johnny's, &c.

He. Together let us sport and play,

She. And live in Pleasure where no Sin is:

He. The Priest shall tie the Knot To-day,

She. And Wedlock's Bands make Johnny Jenny's.

{ She. Johnny Jenny's, Johnny Jenny's.

{ He. Jenny Johnny's, Jenny Johnny's.

{ She. And Wedlock's Bands make Johnny Jenny's.

{ He. And Wedlock's Bands make Jenny Johnny's.

He. Let roving Swains young Hearts invade,
 The Pleasure ends in Shame and Folly;
 So Willy woo'd, and then betray'd,
 The poor believing, simple Molly,
 Simple Molly, &c.

She. So Lucy lov'd and lightly toy'd,
 And laugh'd at harmless Maids who marry;
 But now she finds her Shepherd cloy'd,
 And chides, too late, her faithless Harry,
 Faithless Harry, &c.

He,

He. But we'll together, &c.

She. And live in Pleasure, &c.

He. By cooling Streams our Flocks we'll feed,
And leave Deceit for Knaves and Ninnies ;
Or fondly stray where Love shall lead,
And every Joy be mine and *Fenny's*,
Mine and *Fenny's*, &c.

She. Let Guilt the faithless Bosom fright,
The constant Heart is always bonny ;
Content and Peace, and sweet Delight,
And Love shall live with me and *Johnny*,
Me and *Johnny*, &c.

He. Together then we'll sport and play,

She. And live in Pleasure where no Sin is :

He. The Priest shall tie the Knot To-day,

She. And Wedlock's Bands make *Johnny Fenny's*.

{ *She.* *Johnny Fenny's*, *Johnny Fenny's*.

{ *He.* *Fenny Johnny's*, *Fenny Johnny's*.

{ *She.* And Wedlock's Bands make *Johnny Fenny's*.

{ *He.* And Wedlock's Bands make *Fenny Johnny's*.

SONG XV.

RECITATIVE.

LONG had fair *Delia* slighted *Damon's* Love,
And he her stubborn Heart long sought to move ;]
Till by her Coyness all his Love dissolv'd,
And he to quit all future Hopes resolv'd ;
Where on the Vine the lurking Clusters hung,
The slighted Swain in threat'ning Strains then sung :

D

A I R.

He,

A I R.

Love, begone; no more deceive me;
 Wine will banish all my Fears,
 Sparkling Wine will drown my Cares:
 Love, begone; no more deceive me;
 Flowing Bowls will soon relieve me;
 Wine will banish, &c.

Spite of Charms and blooming Youth,
 The Fair no more shall slight my Truth;
 Soon like me shall she complain,
 For Pity sue, but sue in vain:
 Love, begone; no more deceive me;
 Flowing Bowls shall soon relieve me;
 Wine will banish, &c.

R E C I T A T I V E.

'Th' unhappy Nymph had list'ned to his Song,
 Which echo'd thro' the flow'ry Vale along:
 Soon as his firm Resolves she knew,
 Stung to the Quick, with Haste impetuous flew,
 With love-imploring Looks, th' affrighted Maid,
 And thus, with flatt'ring Tongue, and mournful Sound,
 she said:

A I R.

Call back thy Vow, much-injur'd Swain,
 Nor more of slighted Love complain;
 The Linnets, warbling thro' the Grove,
 Are Tokens of complying Love,
 Are Tokens, &c.
 Oh! let that Sign propitious prove,
 And me be blest with *Damon's* Love:
 The Linnets, warbling, &c.

R E C I T A T I V E.

R E C I T A T I V E.

The blushing Maid had scarce her Love confess,
 When the relenting Swain, with mutual Warmth profess,
 And Rapture fill'd again, avow'd his Flame,
 And made the Valley echo with her Name.

A I R.

To vulgar Mortals I resign
 The tumultuous Joys of Wine ;
 And by those radiant Eyes I swear
Delia hence shall be my Care ;
 No more a Rebel to her Pow'r,
 I bless this kind propitious Hour,
 I bless this kind propitious Hour ;
 Spite of Rage and fierce Disdain,
 She taught my Heart to love again,
 She taught my Heart to love again.

S O N G XVI.

YE Virgin Pow'rs, defend my Heart
 From am'rous Looks and Smiles,
 From saucy Love, or nicer Art,
 Which most our Sex beguiles :

From Sighs, and Vows, and awful Fears,
 That do to Pity move ;
 From speaking Silence, and from Tears,
 Those Springs that water Love.

But if through Passion I grow blind,
 Let Honour be my Guide ;
 And when frail Nature seems inclin'd,
 There place a Guard of Pride.

An Heart, whose Flames are seen, tho' pure,
Needs ev'ry Virtue's Aid ;
And she, who thinks herself secure,
The soonest is betray'd.

S O N G XVII.

W O M A N, thoughtless, giddy Creature !
Laughing, idle, flutt'ring Thing !
Most fantastic Work of Nature !
Still, like Fancy, on the Wing !

Slave to ev'ry changing Passion,
Loving, hating, in Extreme !
Fond of ev'ry foolish Fashion,
And, at best, a pleasing Dream !

Lovely Trifle ! dear Illusion !
Conqu'ring Weakness ! wish'd-for Pain !
Man's chief Glory and Confusion !
Of all Vanities most vain !

Thus deriding Beauty's Power,
Bevil call'd it all a Cheat ;
But in less than Half an Hour
Kneel'd and whin'd at *Calia's* Feet.

S O N G XVIII.

P R I t h e e send me back my Heart,
Since I cannot have thine ;
For if from yours you will not part,
Why then should you keep mine ?

Yet now I think on't, let it lie,
To send it me were vain ;
For thou'st a Thief in either Eye
Will steal it back again.

S O N G

S O N G X I X.

FROM Morn to Night, from Day to Day,
 At all Times, and at ev'ry Place,
 You scold, repeat, and sing, and say;
 Nor are there Hopes you'll ever cease.

Forbear, my *Cælia*, oh! forbear,
 If your own Health or ours you prize;
 For all Mankind, that hear you, swear
 Your Tongue's more killing than your Eyes.

Your Tongue's a Traitor to your Face,
 Your Fame's by your own Noise obscur'd:
 All are distracted while they gaze,
 But if they listen, all are cur'd.

Your Silence would acquire more Praise
 Than all you say, or all I write:
 One Look ten Thousand Charms displays;
 Then hush—and be an Angel quite.

S O N G X X.

HAIL, meek ey'd Ev'ning, clad in sober Grey,
 Whose soft Approach the weary Woodman loves,
 As homeward bent, to kiss his prattling Babes,
 Jocund he whistles thro' the twilight Groves.

When *Phæbus* sinks beneath the gilded Hills,
 You lightly o'er the misty Meadows walk,
 The drooping Daisies bathe in dulcet Dews,
 And nurse the nodding Vi'let's slender Stalk.

The painted *Dryads*, that in Day's fierce Heat
 To inmost Bow'rs and cooling Caverns ran,
 Return to trip in wanton Ev'ning Dance;
 Old *Sylvan* too returns, and laughing *Pan*.

To the deep Woods the clam'rous Rooks repair ;
 Light skims the Swallow o'er the watry Scene ;
 And, from the Sheeppcote and fresh-furrow'd Field,
 Stout Plowmen meet, to wrestle on the Green.

The Swain that artless sings, in yonder Rock,
 His supping Sheep and length'ning Shadow spies ;
 Pleas'd with the cool, the calm, refreshing Hour,
 And with hoarse Humming of unnumber'd Flies.

Now ev'ry Passion sleeps ; desponding Love,
 And pining Envy, ever-restless Pride ;
 An holy Calm creeps o'er my peaceful Soul ;
 Anger and mad Ambition's Storms subside.

O modest Ev'ning ! oft let me appear,
 A wand'ring Vot'ry, in thy pensive Train,
 List'ning to ev'ry wildly-warbling Note,
 That fills, with farewell Sweet, thy dark'ning Plain.

S O N G X X I .

S T R E P H O N and *P H I L L I S* .

A D I A L O G U E .

He. **W**HEN you for me alone had Charms,
 And none more happy fill'd your Arms,
 Your *Strepheon* slighted, with Disdain,
 The fairest Maidens of the Plain,
 The fairest Maidens of the Plain.

She. While you remain'd to me sincere,
 Nor any Maid was yet more dear,
 I then was blest, my Joys were true,
 And I approv'd no Swain but you,
 And I approv'd, &c.

He.

Ele. But *Delia* now has won my Heart,
And does an equal Flame impart ;
Thro' sportive Meads and Woods we rove,
And tell our pleasing Tales of Love,
And tell, &c.

She. *Colin* is now my Joy and Care,
Each Tree our plighted Vows shall bear ;
And sweetly glides the Summer's Day,
While ev'ry Month with him is *May*,
While ev'ry, &c.

He. What if our former Loves return,
And all my Bosom for you burn ;
If gentle *Delia* please no more,
And I'm your *Strephon* as before ?
And I'm, &c.

She. If *Phillis* may be woo'd again,
I'll leave the Shepherds of the Plain ;
Will love my *Strephon* kind and true,
And live and die alone with you,
And live, &c.

Both. The Swain and Maid no more can prove
Unfaithful to each other's Love ;
Their Breasts shall ever beat the same,
And Love shine forth with purest Flame,
And Love shine forth with purest Flame.

S O N G XXII.

MARIA, when my Sight you bless,
Each Morn, beneath your Cow,
How can the Swain his Joy express,
To see thee in thy rural Dress,
And hear thee singing too ?

Thy

Thy Milk-white Waistcoat, free from Stain,
Denotes thy purer Thought,
As clear from Falshood as Disdain ;
And in thy soft and chearful Strain
My Cares are all forgot.

Thy Breath excels the Breath of Morn,
More fragrant than the Hay,
Or Flow'rs, tho' in thy Bosom worn,
Or Clover-grass, or green-ear'd Corn,
Or Cows, more sweet than they.

Thy modest Cheeks out-blush the Rose,
Whilst I thy Charms recite ;
Thy Lips are Cherries, Eyes are Sloes,
And thy engaging Smiles disclose
Two Rows of Iv'ry white.

But, oh ! the Burden of my Song !
Those Charms may fall a Prey,
And be commanded, right or wrong,
By some dull Clown, whose vulgar Tongue
Can neither sing nor say.

The Vi'let thus, that in the Mead
Regal'd our Smell, alas !
No more must rear its bloomy Head,
Stamp'd in by some black Ox's Tread,
Or mow'd with common Grass.

The chearful Mornings, once so blest,
The Ev'nings too, are o'er :
Ye Cows, whose Teats *Maria* prest,
Farewel : My Pride has done its best,
Maria smiles no more.

S O N G XXIII.

AS *May* in all her youthful Dress,
 So gay my Love did once appear;
 A Spring of Charms adorn'd her Face;
 The Rose and Lilly flourish'd there:
 Thus, while th' Enjoyment was but young,
 Each Night new Pleasures did create;
 Ambrosial Words drop'd from her Tongue,
 And am'rous *Cupids* round did wait.

But, as the Sun to West declines,
 The eastern Sky does colder grow,
 And all his radiant Looks resigns
 To the pale Moon, that rules below;
 So Love, while in her blooming Hour,
 My *Chloe* was all kind and gay;
 But when Possession nip'd that Flow'r,
 Her Charms, like Autumn, drop'd away.

S O N G XXIV.

WH Y will *Florella*, when I gaze,
 My ravish'd Eyes reprove;
 And chide them from the only Face
 They can behold with Love?

To shun your Scorn, and ease my Care,
 I seek a Nymph more kind;
 And while I rove from Fair to Fair,
 Still gentle Usage find.

But, oh! how faint is ev'ry Joy,
 Where Nature has no Part!
 New Beauties may my Eyes employ,
 But you engage my Heart.

- So restless Exiles, doom'd to roam,
Meet Pity ev'ry where;
- Yet languish for their native Home,
Tho' Death attends them there.

S O N G XXV.

SEE, *Stella*, as your Health returns,
All Nature does her Charms renew;
Phœbus with greater Lustre burns,
Who veil'd his Face in Grief for you.

No longer *Iris* sheds her Tears,
The *Zephyrs* softer Breezes blow;
Flora in all her Pride appears,
The Streams in dimpling Gladness flow.

Wonder not then, too charming Maid,
To see your *Thyrsis* sympathize;
Excess of Joy has Love betray'd,
And I no longer can disguise.

Not *Adam*, when in *Eden* blest'd,
Did a more rapt'rous Transport prove,
When the fair Partner of his Breast
First rack'd his Eyes, and taught him Love.

S O N G XXVI.

YE Shepherds, so chearful and gay,
Whose Flocks never carelessly roam,
Should *Corydon's* happen to stray,
Oh! call the poor Wanderers Home:
Allow me to muse and to sigh,
Nor talk of the Change that ye find;
None once was so watchful as I:
— I have left my dear *Phillis* behind.

Now

Now I know what 'tis to have strove
 With the Torture of Doubt and Desire ;
 What 'tis to admire and to love,
 And to leave her we love and admire :
 Ah ! lead forth my Flock in the Morn,
 And the Damps of each Ev'ning repel ;
 Alas ! I am faint and forlorn :
 — I have bade my dear *Phillis* farewell.

Since *Phillis* vouchsaf'd me a Look,
 I never once dreamt of my Vine ;
 May I lose both my Pipe and my Crook,
 If I knew of a Kid that was mine :
 I priz'd ev'ry Hour that went by
 Beyond all that had pleas'd me before ;
 But now they are past, and I sigh ;
 And I grieve that I priz'd them no more.

But why do I grieve thus in vain ?
 Why wander thus pensively here ?
 Oh ! why did I come from the Plain,
 Where I fed on the Smiles of my Dear ?
 They tell me, my favourite Maid,
 The Pride of that Valley, is flown ;
 Alas ! where with her I have stray'd
 I could wander with Pleasure alone.

When forc'd the fair Nymph to forego,
 What Anguish I felt at my Heart !
 Yet I thought—but it might not be so—
 'Twas with Pain that she saw me depart :
 She gaz'd, as I slowly withdrew ;
 My Path I could hardly discern :
 So sweetly she bade me adieu,
 I thought that she bade me return.

The Pilgrim, that journeys all Day
 To visit some far-distant Shrine,
 If he bears but a Relique away,
 Is happy, nor heard to repine :

Thus

Thus widely remov'd from the Fair,
 Where my Vows, my Devotion, I owe,
 Soft Hope is the Relique I bear,
 And my Solace where-ever I go.

SONG XXVII.

A PASTORAL.

MY Banks they are furnish'd with Bees,
 Whose Murmur invites one to sleep ;
 My Grottos are shaded with Trees,
 And my Hills are white-over with Sheep :
 I seldom have met with a Loss,
 Such Health do my Fountains bestow ;
 My Fountains all border'd with Moss,
 Where the Hare-bells and Violets grow,
 Where the Hare-bells and Violets grow.

Not a Pine in my Grove is there seen
 But with Tendrils of Woodbine is bound ;
 Not a Beech's more beautiful green
 But a Sweet-briar twines it around :
 Not my Fields, in the Prime of the Year,
 More Charms than my Cattle unfold ;
 Not a Brook that is limpid and clear,
 But it glitters with Fishes of Gold,
 But it glitters, &c.

One would think she might like to retire
 To the Bow'r I have labour'd to rear ;
 Not a Shrub that I heard her admire,
 But I hasted and planted it there :
 Oh ! how sudden the Jessamine strove
 With the Lilac to render it gay !
 Already it calls for my Love
 To prune the wild Branches away,
 To prune, &c.

From

From the Plains, from the Woodlands and Groves,
 What Strains of wild Melody flow !
 How the Nightingales warble their Loves
 From Thickets of Roses that blow !
 And, when her bright Form shall appear,
 Each Bird shall harmoniously join
 In a Concert so soft and so clear,
 As—she may not be fond to resign,
 As—she may, &c.

I have found a Gift for my Fair,
 I have found where Wood-Pigeons breed ;
 But let me that Plunder forbear,
 She'll say 'twas a barbarous Deed :
 For he ne'er cou'd be true, she aver'd,
 Who could rob a Bird of its Young :
 I lov'd her the more, when I heard
 Such Tendernefs fall from her Tongue,
 Such Tendernefs, &c.

I have heard her with Sweetnefs unfold
 How that Pity was due to—a Dove :
 That it ever attended the Bold ;
 And she call'd it the Sister of Love :
 But her Words such a Pleasure convey,
 So much I her Accents adore,
 Let her speak, and, whatever she say,
 Methinks I should love her the more,
 Methinks, &c.

Can a Bosom so gentle remain
 Unmov'd, when her *Corydon* sighs ?
 Will a Nymph, that is fond of the Plain,
 These Plains and this Valley despise ?
 Dear Regions of Silence and Shade !
 Soft Scenes of Contentment and Ease !
 Where I could have pleasingly stray'd,
 If aught, in her Absence, cou'd please,
 If aught, &c.

E

But

But where does my *Phyllida* stray?
 And where are her Grots and her Bow'rs?
 Are the Groves and the Valleys as gay,
 And the Shepherds as gentle, as ours?
 The Groves may perhaps be as fair,
 And the Face of the Valleys as fine;
 The Swains may in Manners compare,
 But their Love is not equal to mine,
 But their Love is not equal to mine.

S O N G XXVIII.

WHAT shall I say to make my Fair
 Believe my Love and Oaths sincere:
 I've call'd to witness, all above,
 My Faith, my Truth, my constant Love;
 Yet still, she says, she never can
 Believe the Vows of faithless Man;
 Yet still, she says, she never can
 Believe the Vows of faithless Man.

She hears, unmov'd, my ardent Sighs,
 And reads, untouch'd, my speaking Eyes;
 Has seen how every Action strove
 To testify eternal Love;
 Yet still, she says, &c.

Ah, *Celia*, try how much I dare,
 To prove my Passion is sincere;
 And when I next before you sue,
 I'll swear by Truth, by Love, and you:
 My constant Faith then, if you can,
 Kill, with Disdain, a faithful Man;
 My constant Faith then, if you can,
 Kill, with Disdain, a faithful Man.

S O N G

SONG XXIX.

MAN on Creation,
Wasn't born to Vexation,
His Pastime was Pleasure all the Day long ;
'Till Sin came upon him,
Which soon had undone him,
And brought all its Train of Misfortunes along.

Then since by our Birth,
We're entitled to Mirth,
Let's enjoy each Moment of Life while we can ;
For there is no relying
On Time, who, swift flying,
Cuts off in an Instant the Pleasures of Man.

Be merry with Prudence,
And fear no Intrudence,
Of any Thing hurtful to Nature or Joy ;
Shun Excess of Drinking,
And Women, lewd Thinking,
Much Wine and lewd Women your Peace will destroy.

In Music delighting,
And Singing inviting,
In each innocent Pleasure be frolick and gay :
Adhere but to Virtue,
And nothing can hurt you,
She'll befriend you when Nature herself shall decay.

SONG XXX.

IF from the Lustre of the Sun
To catch your fleeting Shade you run,
In vain is all your Haste, Sir,
In vain is all your Haste, Sir ;

But if your Feet reverse the Race,
The Fugitive will urge the Chace,
And follow you as fast, Sir,
And follow you as fast, Sir.

Thus, if at any Time, as now,
Some scornful *Flavia* you pursue,
In hopes to overtake her,
In hopes, &c.
Be sure you ne'er too eager be,
But look upon't as cold as she,
And seemingly forsake her,
And seemingly, &c.

So I and *Phillis* r'other Day,
Were coursing round a Cock of Hay,
Whilst I cou'd ne'er o'erget her,
Whilst I cou'd ne'er o'erget her :
But when I found I ran in vain,
Quite tir'd, I turn'd me back again,
And, flying from her, met her,
And, flying from her, met her.

S O N G XXXI.

HOW can they taste of Joys or Grief,
Who Beauties Pow'r did never prove ?
Love's all our Torments, our Relief,
Our Fate depends alone on Love.

Was I in heavy Chains confin'd,
Neera's Smiles wou'd ease that State :
Nor Wealth nor Pow'r could bless my Mind,
Curs'd be her Absence, or her Hate.

Of all the Plants which shade the Field,
The fragrant Myrtle does surpass ;
No Flow'r so gay that does not yield,
To blooming Rose's gaudy Dress.

No Star so bright that can be seen,
When *Phœbus*' Glories gild the Skies;
No Nymph so proud adorns the Green,
But yields to fair *Neera*'s Eyes.

The am'rous Swains no Off'rings bring,
To *Cupid*'s Altar as before:
To her they play, to her they sing,
And own in Love no other Pow'r.

Cupid, thine Empire to regain,
Upon this Conqu'ror try thy Dart;
O! touch with Pity for my Pain,
Neera's cold disdainful Heart.

S O N G XXXII.

O, *Bell*, thy Looks have pierc'd my Heart,
I pass the Day in Pain;
When Night returns I feel the Smart,
And wish for thee in vain:
I'm starving cold, while thou art warm,
Have Pity, and incline,
And grant me for a Hap
That charming Petticoat of thine;
And grant me for a Hap
That charming Petticoat of thine.

My ravish'd Fancy in a Maze,
Still wanders o'er thy Charms;
Delusive Dreams, ten thousand Ways,
Present thee to my Arms:
But waking, think what I endure,
While cruel you decline,
Those Pleasures which can only cure,
This panting Breast of mine;
Those Pleasures, &c.

I faint, I fail, and wildly rove,
 Because you still deny
 The just Reward that's due to Love,
 And let true Passion die :
 O ! turn, and let Compassion seize
 That lovely Breast of thine ;
 Thy Petticoat wou'd give me Ease,
 If thou, and it were mine ;
 Thy Petticoat, &c.

Sure Heav'n has fitted for Delight
 That beauteous Form of thine !
 And thou'rt too good, its Law to slight,
 By hind'ring the Design :
 May all the Powers of Love agree,
 At length to make thee mine ;
 Or loose my Bands and set me free,
 From ev'ry Charm of thine ;
 Or loose my Bands and set me free,
 From ev'ry Charm of thine.

S O N G XXXIII.

THE sweet rosy Morning
 Peeps over the Hills,
 With Blushes adorning
 The Meadows and Fields.

C H O R U S.

The merry, merry, merry Horn
 Cries, come, come away ;
 Wake from your Slumbers,
 And hail the new Day.

The Stag rouz'd before us
 Away seems to fly,
 And pants to the Chorus
 Of Hounds in full Cry.

C H O R U S.

CHORUS.

Then follow, follow, follow, follow
The musical Chace,
Where Pleasure and vig'rous
Health you embrace.

The Day's Sport, when over,
Makes Blood circle right,
And gives the brisk Lover
Fresh Charms for the Night.

CHORUS.

Then let us, let us, enjoy
All we can, while we may ;
Let Love crown the Night,
As our Sports crown the Day.

SONG XXXIV.

DEFEND my Heart, ye Virgin Pow'rs,
From am'rous Looks and Smiles,
And shield me, in my gayer Hours,
From Love's destructive Wiles :
In vain let Sighs and melting Tears
Employ their moving Art,
Nor may delusive Oaths and Pray'rs
E'er triumph o'er my Heart.

My calm Content and virtuous Joys
May Envy ne'er molest,
Nor let ambitious Thoughts arise
Within my peaceful Breast :
Yet may there such a decent State,
Such unaffected Pride,
As Love and Awe at once create,
My Words and Actions guide.

Let

Let others, fond of empty Praise,
 Each wanton Art display,
 While Fops and Fools in Raptures gaze,
 And sigh their Souls away :
 Far other Dictates I pursue,
 My Bliss in Virtue plac'd,
 And seek to please the wiser Few,
 Who real Worth can taste.

S O N G X X X V .

*S*YLVIA, wilt thou waste thy Prime,
 Stranger to the Joys of Love ?
 Thou hast Youth, and that's the Time
 Ev'ry Minute to improve :
 Round thee wilt thou never hear
 Little wanton Girls and Boys
 Sweetly sounding in thy Ear,
 Sweetly sounding in thy Ear,
 Infant's Prate and Mother's Joys ?

Only view that little Dove,
 Softly cooing to his Mate ;
 As a further Proof of Love,
 See her for his Kisses wait :
 Hark ! that charming Nightingale,
 As he flies from Spray to Spray,
 Sweetly tunes an am'rous Tale,
 Sweetly tunes, &c.

I love, I love, he strives to say.

Could I to thy Soul reveal
 But the least, the thousandth Part,
 Of those Pleasures Lovers feel,
 In a mutual Change of Heart :

Then>

Then, repenting, would'st thou say,
 Virgin Fears from hence remove,
 All the Time is thrown away,
 All the Time is thrown away,
 That we do not spend in Love.

S O N G XXXVI.

OF good *English* Beer our Songs let's raise,
 We've a Right by our Freedom Charter;
 And follow our brave Forefathers Ways,
 Who liv'd in the Days of King *Arthur* :
 Of those gallant Days loud Fame has told,
 Beer gave the stout *Britons* Spirit;
 In Love they spoke Truth, in War they were bold,
 And flourish'd by Dint of Merit.

Cho. *Then like them crown our Bowls,*
Our plenteous brown Bowls,
And take them off clever;
To all true English Souls,
And Old England, Old England, for ever:
Huzza Old England for ever,
Huzza Old England for ever;
Old England, Old England,
Huzza Old England for ever.

The Glory in Love, or War they won,
 By Fighting, Retreats, and Sallies,
 Was from the Production of their own
 Good Beer and roast Beef in their Bellies;
 All foreign Attempts they did disdain,
 So fir'd with Resolution:
 For Liberty they'd bleed ev'ry Vein,
 To keep their own Constitution.

Cho. *Then like them crown our Bowls, &c.*

Like

Like them let us fill, and drink, and sing,
 To all who our State are aiding ;
 To Commerce, that our Wealth does bring,
 And every Branch of our Trading :
 By Commerce all Grandeur we sustain,
 That makes us a powerful Nation ;
 Then let us agree, and with Vigour maintain
 Our Trade and our Navigation.

Cho. *Then like them crown our Bowls,
 Our plenteous brown Bowls,
 And take them off clever ;
 To all true English Souls,
 And Old England, Old England, for ever :
 Huzza Old England for ever,
 Huzza Old England for ever ;
 Old England, Old England,
 Huzza Old England for ever.*

S O N G XXXVII.

CELIA has a thousand Charms ;
 'Tis Heav'n to lie within her Arms :
 While I stand gazing on her Face,
 Some new and some resistless Grace
 Fills with fresh Magic all the Place :
 But while the Nymph I thus adore,
 I should my wretched Fate deplore ;
 For oh ! *Martillo*, have a care,
 Her Sweetness is above Compare ;
 But then she's false as well as fair.

3

3

S O N G XXXVIII.

To E C H O.

A I R.

DAUGHTER sweet of Voice and Air,
 Gentle Echo, haste thee here ;

From

From the Vale, where all around
Rocks to Rocks return the Sound ;
From the swelling Surge that roars
'Gainst the tempest-beaten Shores ;
From the silent moss-grown Cell,
Haunt of warbling *Philomel* ;
Where, unseen of Man, you lie,
Queen of woodland Harmony.

R E C I T A T I V E.

Listen, Nymph divine, and learn
Strains to make *Narcissus* burn :
Hark ! the heav'nly Song begins :
Air, be still ; breathe soft, ye Winds ;
Peace, ye noisy feather'd Choir,
While *Dione* strikes the Lyre.

A I R.

See, each Eye, each ravish'd Ear,
Fix'd to gaze, and charm'd to hear ;
All around Enchantment reigns,
Such the Magic of her Strains ;
Strains which, if thou can'st but learn,
Soon will make *Narcissus* burn.

R E C I T A T I V E.

Echo, should they fail to move
His obdurate Heart to love,
Borrow, for she well can spare,
Borrow, her enchanting Air.

A I R.

Learn her Ease, and Elegance
Of Motion in the airy Dance ;

Learn

Learn the Grace with which she strays
Thro' the light fantastic Maze :
Add a thousand Charms untold,
Should *Narcissus* still be cold ;
Charms, the least of which would move
His obdurate Heart to love.

S O N G XXXIX.

HARK, *Daphne*, from the Hawthorn Bush
The spotted Finches sing ;
In artless Notes the merry Thrush
Salutes the blooming Spring :
On verdant Bed the Vi'let lies,
To wooe the western Gale ;
While tow'ring Lillies meet our Eyes,
Like love-sick Virgins pale.

The Rill that gushes o'er the Shore,
Winds murm'ring thro' the Glade ;
So heart-struck *Thyrsis* tells his Moan,
To win his clay-cold Maid :
The golden Sun, in fresh Array,
Flames forward on the Sphere ;
Around the Maypole Shepherds play,
To hail the flow'ry Year.

Say, shall we taste the breezy Air,
Or wander through the Grove ;
There talk of *Sylvia's* wild Despair,
The Prey of lawless Love ?
Ah ! no, she cries, o'er *Sylvia's* Fall
Exult not, tho' 'twas just ;
Dash not the Sinner's Name with Gall,
Nor triumph o'er her Dust.

True Virtue scorns to fling the Dart,
Herself above all Fear ;
When Justice flings the guilty Heart,
She drops the gen'rous Tear :

Then

Then own, ye Nymphs, this godlike Truth
Is on your Hearts imprest ;
On brightest Patterns form your Youth,
And be for ever blest.

S O N G XL.

CHLOE, by all the Pow'rs above,
To *Damon* vow'd eternal Love :
A Rose adorn'd her sweeter Breast ;
She on a Leaf the Vow imprest :
But Zephyr, by her Side, at play,
Love, Vow, and Leaf, blew quite away.

S O N G XLI.

YE Fair, that would be blest in Love,
Take your Pride a little lower ;
Let the Swain whom you approve,
Rather like you, than adore.

Love, that rises into Passion,
Soon will end in Hate or Strife ;
But from tender Inclination,
Flow the lasting Joys of Life.

S O N G XLII.

NEAR the Side of a Pond, at the Foot of a Hill,
A free-hearted Fellow attends on his Mill ;
Fresh Health blooms her strong rosy Hue o'er his Face,
And Honesty gives e'en to Awkwardness Grace.
Besflour'd with his Meal does he labour and sing,
And regaling at Night, he's as blest as a King ;
After heartily eating, he takes a full Swill
Of Liquor home-brew'd, to Success of the Mill.

He makes no nice Scruples of Toll for his Trade,
For that's an Excise to his Industry paid ;

F

His

His Conscience is free, and his Income is clear,
 And he values not them of Ten Thousand a Year :
 He's a Freehold sufficient to give him a Vote,
 At Elections he scorns to accept of a Groat ;
 He hates your proud Placemen, and do what they will,
 'They ne'er can seduce the stanch Man of the Mill.

On *Sunday* he talks with the Barber and Priest,
 And hopes that our Statesmen do all for the best ;
 'That the *Spaniards* shall ne'er interrupt our free Trade,
 Nor good *British* Coin be in Subsidies paid.
 He fears the *French* Navy and Commerce increase,
 And he wishes poor *Germany* still may have Peace ;
 'Tho' *Old England*, he knows, may have Strength and
 have Skill,
 To protect all her Manors, and save his own Mill.

With this honest Hope he goes Home to his Work,
 And if Water is scanty he takes up his Fork,
 And over the Meadows he scatters his Hay,
 Or with the stiff Plough turns up Furrows of Clay :
 His Harvest is crown'd with a good *English* Glee,
 'That his Country may ever be happy and free ;
 With his Hand and his Heart to King *George* does he
 fill,
 May all Loyal Souls act the Man of the Mill.

S O N G XLIII.

O P'ning Bud of matchless Beauty,
 Blossom of the Month of *May* ;
 Adoration is my Duty,
 At thy Shrine my Vows I pay.

Coursing o'er each rival Feature,
 Little wanton *Cupids* sport ;
Venus, to so bright a Creature,
 Would un-envying pay her Court.

S O N G

SONG XLIV.

MY Heart's like an Anvil, the Hammer is Love,
 And 'gainst my poor Breast it so knocks—
 The Blows are so hard, that I'm sure I cou'd prove
 Let's Force wou'd demolish an Ox.
 The Godlin on me has exhausted his Quiver,
 I feel the sharp Arrow pierce thorough my Liver:
 None but you, pretty Maid, such a Conquest e'er
 boasted;
 Take pity, or else I must die over-roasted.

SONG XLV.

Happy Scene of gay Delight!
 Warm my Breast, and sooth my Care;
 Love will e'er assert his Right;
 Then let Lovers ne'er despair.
 Bring me Lillies, bring me Roses,
 Myrtle Wreaths and blooming Posies:
 Haste you, Nymphs, and hither bring
 All the Trophies of the Spring.

Baleful Cypress cast aside,
 (Emblem of despairing Love)
 And the weeping Willow hide
 Near the inauspicious Grove.
 Bring me Lillies, bring me Roses,
 Myrtle Wreaths and blooming Posies:
 Haste you, Nymphs, and hither bring
 All the Trophies of the Spring.

SONG XLVI.

OH, let me, unreserv'd, declare
 'The Dictate of my Breast;
 My *Thyrse* reigns unrival'd there,
 An ever-welcome Guest.

No more our sprightly Nymphs I meet,
 But seek the lonely Grove ;
 There, sighing to myself, repeat
 Some tender Tale of Love.

When absent from my longing Sight,
 He is my constant Theme ;
 His shadowy Form appears by Night,
 And shapes the Morning Dream.

Ye spotless Virgins of the Plain,
 Deem not my Words too free ;
 For ere my Passion you arraign,
 You must have lov'd like me.

S O N G XLVII.

MY Pride is to hold all Mankind in my Chain ;
 The Conquest I prize, tho' the Slaves I disdain :
 I'll tease them and vex them,
 I'll plague and perplex them :
 Since Men try all Arts our weak Sex to betray,
 I'll show them a Woman's as cunning as they.

Young *Damon* ador'd me, and *Lycon* the vain,
 By Turns I encourag'd each amorous Swain ;
 They knelt and they trembled,
 I smil'd and dissembled :
 Since Men try all Arts our weak Sex to betray,
 I'll show them a Woman's as cunning as they.

Then hear me, ye Nymphs, and my Counsel believe,
 Resist all their Wiles, the Deceivers deceive :
 Their canting and whining,
 Their sighing and pining,
 Are all meant as Baits our weak Sex to betray ;
 Then prove there are Women as cunning as they.

S O N G

S O N G XLVIII.

THE Drum is unbrac'd, and the Trumpet no more
 Shall rouse the fierce Soldier to fight ;
 Our Meads shall no longer be floated with Gore,
 Nor Terror disturb the calm Night.
 Once more o'er the Fields golden Harvests shall shine,
 The Olive her Flow'rets increase ;
 Again purple Clusters shall blush on the Vine ;
 These, these, are the Blessings of Peace.

The Shepherd securely now roams thro' the Glade,
 Or merrily pipes in the Vale ;
 The Youth in soft Numbers attempts his coy Maid :
 The Virgins dance blithe in the Dale.
 The Flow'rs, with gay Colours, embroider the Ground,
 Unpress'd by an Enemy's Feet ;
 The Bleatings of Sheep from the Hillocks resound,
 And the Birds their trim Sonnets repeat.

S O N G XLIX.

AS soon hope for Peace 'twixt the Hawk and the
 Dove,
 As to find it with Woman and Man ;
 Or prompted by Hate, or incited by Love,
 They both will deceive when they can.
 The Shepherd, forgetful of Oaths and of Vows,
 Will run to a Face that's more new ;
 And often the Women, or Maiden, or Spouse,
 The very same Method pursue:

The Youth to obtain the dear Nymph he admires,
 By Falshood expresses his Flame ;
 To gain the lov'd Boy who her Bosom inspires,
 Does not *Glee* exactly the same ?

How just's the Division? Man's born to persuade;
 We listen, and think him sincere:
 But then, has not Nature been kind to the Maid?
 She gave her the Smile and the Tear.

Intrepid as Heroes, Men snatch at their Joy,
 And force us by Storm to comply;
 We, helpless poor Creatures, by Fashion made coy,
 Consent when we feebly deny.
 Like Armies drawn out into martial Array,
 The Sexes call forth all their Pow'rs;
 And if for the Men goes the Battle To-day,
 To-morrow the Triumph is ours.

S O N G L.

GOddeſs of the dimpling Smile,
 Quit, ah! quit thy fav'rite Iſle;
 Crown'd with Myrtle Wreath, advance;
 From the Hand of giddy Chance
 Snatch the Pow'r to make me bleſs'd,
 Be it thine to eaſe my Breſt.
 In her Ivory Car the fair Queen I behold,
 Her Cygnets in Trappings of Purple and Gold;
 Diſplaying their Pinions I ſee the young Loves,
 All brighter than Sun-ſhine, all ſoft as her Doves.
 With Raptures, O *Venus*, I bow at thy Shrine:
 She whispers me ſoftly, Young *Thyriſis* is thine.

S O N G L I.

C O L L I N and D A P H N E.

D U E T.

O Say! muſt I ſigh and pine, my Love?
 O ſay! muſt I ſigh and pine?
 You're cruel, I ſwear,
 As a Tiger or Bear,

If you don't to my Wish incline, my Love ;
If you don't to my Wish incline.

COLLIN.

So much I delight in thee, my Dear ;
So much I delight in thee ;
Thou may'st sigh, pine, and moan,
Or may'st let it alone ;
'Tis all the same to me, my Dear ;
'Tis all the same to me.

DAPHNE.

But say, should I break my Heart, my Love ?
But say, should I break my Heart ?
Would you not be dismay'd
To have murder'd a Maid
With *Cupid's* keenest Dart, my Love ?
With *Cupid's* keenest Dart ?

COLLIN.

I should not be much dismay'd, my Dear ;
I should not be much dismay'd :
If you think that I lye,
You had better go try,
I am not much afraid, my Dear ;
I am not much afraid.

DAPHNE.

Since nothing, I find, will do, my Love ;
Since nothing I find will do ;
My Heart I'll break——
No, I'll live for your sake ;
And I'll live to laugh at you, my Love ;
And live to laugh at you.

SONG

SONG LII.
A PASTORAL
THYRSIS.

NOW the Snow-drop lifts her Head ;
Cowslips rise from golden Bed ;
Silver Lillies paint the Grove :
Welcome *May*, and welcome Love.

PHILLIS.

Hark ! the merry Finches sing,
Heralds of the blooming Spring ;
And the artless Turtle-Dove
Cooes at once to *May* and Love.

THYRSIS.

Long the clay-cold Maid denies,
Nor regards her Shepherd's Sighs :
Now your fond Petitions move,
May's the Season form'd for Love.

PHILLIS.

While adown the slopy Hill
Tinkles soft the gushing Rill,
Balmy Scents perfume the Grove,
May unbends the Soul to Love.

DAPHNE.

Now the Bee, on silv'ry Wings,
Flow'ry Spoils unwearied brings ;
Spoils that Nymphs and Swains approve,
Soft as *May*, and sweet as Love.

And

And the Swallow's chitping Brood,
Skim around the cryſtal Flood :
Then in wanton Circlets rove,
Playful as the God of Love.

C O L L I N.

On the Fair that deck our Iſle,
May each Grace and Virtue ſmile !
And our happy Shepherds prove
Days of Eaſe, and Nights of Love.

S O N G LIII.

WHAT tho' my Parents frown and ſcold,
Still *Jockey* I approve ;
The Youth is handſome, free and bold,
And pays me Love for Love.
My Father when at *Jockey's* Age
Did juſt the ſame as he ;
And Mother too, I dare engage,
Did juſt the ſame like me.

When firſt the Swain his Suit addreſs'd,
I flutter'd and look'd pale ;
He ſigh'd and vow'd, he kiſs'd and preſs'd,
And told the fondeſt Tale :
Then out he pull'd his oaten Reed,
And play'd ſo ſweet a Strain ;
'That all he ask'd I gave indeed,
And wiſh'd he'd ask'd again.

How bleſt am I when *Jockey's* by ?
How happy in his View ?
Tho' other Nymphs cry piſh and fie,
Yet hang me if I do :
As to the Flocks the cooling Stream,
Or Flow'ret to the Bee ;
As dear as I'm confeſs'd to him,
So dear the Youth to me.

Ah !

Ah! fraught with all his Sex's Art,
 Shou'd *Jockey* faithless prove;
 Where, where, shall my poor wand'ring Heart
 Again bestow its Love?
 But 'tis an hundred unto ten
 He'll wed me, to secure;
 And when he asks me—why—what then?
 I'll have him to be sure.

S O N G L I V .

ON, on, my dear Brethren,
 Pursue the great Lecture,
 And refine on the Rules
 Of old Architecture:
 High Honour to Masons
 The Craft daily brings,
 To those Brothers of Princes,
 And Fellows of Kings.

We drove the rude *Vandals*
 And *Goths* off the Stage,
 And reviv'd the old Arts
 Of *Augustus*' fam'd Age;
 And *Vespasian* destroy'd the
 Vast Temple in vain,
 Since so many now rise
 Under *Montagu*'s Reign.

The noble Five Orders,
 Compos'd with such Art,
 Shall amaze the swift Eye,
 And engage the whole Heart;
 Proportion, sweet Harmony,
 Gracing the Whole,
 Give our Works, like the
 Glorious Creation, a Soul.

Then

Then Master and Brethren,
 Preserve our great Name,
 'This Lodge so majestick
 Shall purchase you Fame;
 Rever'd it shall stand
 'Till all Nature expire,
 And its Glories ne'er fade,
 'Till the World is on Fire.

See, see, behold here what
 Rewards all our Toil,
 Inspires our Genius, and
 Makes Labour smile :
 To our noble Grand-Master
 Let a Bumper be crown'd;
 To all Masons a Bumper,
 So let it go round.

Again, my lov'd Brethren,
 Again let it pass,
 Our ancient, firm Union
 Cements with a Glass;
 And all the Contention
 'Mongst Masons shall be,
 Who better can work,
 Or who better agree.

SONG LV.

LET Masonry be now my Theme,
 Throughout the World to spread its Fame,
 And eternize each worthy Brother's Name :
 Your Praise shall to the Skies resound,
 In lasting Happiness abound,
 And with sweet Union all your noble Deeds be
 crown'd.

CHORUS.

CHORUS.

*Sing then, my Muse, to Masons Glory,
Your Names are so rever'd in Story,
That all th' admiring World do now adore ye.*

Let Harmony divine inspire,
Your Souls with Love and generous Fire,
To copy well wise Solomon your Sire.
Knowledge sublime shall fill each Heart,
The Rules of Geometry t' impart,
Whilst Wisdom, Strength and Beauty crown the
glorious Art.

Sing then, my Muse, &c.

Let noble Crawford's Health go round,
In swelling Cups all Cares be drown'd,
And Hearts united 'mongst the Craft be found.
May everlasting Scenes of Joy,
His peaceful Hours of Bliss employ,
Which Time's all conqu'ring Hand, shall ne'er, shall
ne'er destroy.

Sing then, my Muse, &c.

My Brethren, thus all Cares resign,
Your Hearts let glow with Thoughts divine,
And Veneration show to Solomon's Shrine.
Our annual Tribute thus we'll pay,
That late Posterity may say,
We've crown'd with Joy this glorious, happy, happy
Day.

Sing then, my Muse, &c.

SONG LVI.

BY Mason's Art th' aspiring Dome
In various Columns shall arise;
All Climates are their native Home,
Their godlike Actions reach the Skies:

Heroes

Heroes and Kings revere their Name,
And Poets sing their lasting Fame.

Great, generous, virtuous, good and brave,
Are Titles they most justly claim;
Their Deeds shall live beyond the Grave,
And ev'ry Age their Fame proclaim:
Time shall their glorious Acts inroll,
And Love with Friendship charm the Soul.

S O N G LVII.

THUS mighty eastern Kings, and some
Of *Abram's Race*, and Monarchs good,
Of *Egypt, Syria, Greece, and Rome*,
True Architecture understood.
No wonder then if Masons join
To celebrate those Mason Kings,
With solemn Note, and flowing Wine,
Whilst ev'ry Brother jointly sings.

C H O R U S.

*Who can unfold the royal Art,
Or sing its Secrets in a Song?
They're safely kept in Mason's Heart,
And to the ancient Lodge belong.*

S O N G LVIII.

HAIL Masonry, thou Craft divine!
Glory of Earth, from Heaven reveal'd;
Which doth with Jewels precious shine,
From all but Masons Eyes conceal'd.

C H O R U S.

*Thy Praises due who can rehearse,
In nervous Prose, or flowing Verse?*

G

As

As Men from Brutes distinguish'd are,
 A Mason other Men excels;
 For what's in Knowledge choice and rare,
 But in his Breast securely dwells.
*His silent Breast and faithful Heart,
 Preserve the Secrets of the Art.*

From scorching Heat, and piercing Cold,
 From Beasts whose Roar the Forest rends:
 From the Assaults of Warriors bold,
 'The Mason's Art Mankind defends.
*Be to this Art due Honour paid,
 From which Mankind receives such Aid.*

Ensigns of State, that feed our Pride,
 Distinctions troublesome and vain!
 By Masons true are laid aside,
 Art's free-born Sons such Toys disdain.
*Ennobled by the Name they bear,
 Distinguish'd by the Badge they wear.*

Sweet Fellowship, from Envy free,
 Friendly Converse of Brotherhood;
 The Lodge's lasting Cement be,
 Which has for Ages firmly stood.
*A Lodge thus built, for Ages past,
 Has lasted, and will ever last.*

Then in our Songs be Justice done,
 To those who have enrich'd the Art,
 From Jabel down to Burlington,
 And let each Brother bear a Part.
*Let noble Masons Health go round,
 Their Praise in lofty Lodge resound.*

SONG

SONG LIX.

STREPHON.

A CANTATA.

RECITATIVE.

I'LL hasten to the sylvan Shades,
Where od'rous Flow'rs perfume the Glades;
There to the Winds my Sighs repeat,
And leave my Lambs alone to bleat:
The merry Dance I'll join no more,
Nor tune my Pipe as heretofore.

A I R.

Why did I look, with wishful Eye,
Upon the lovely Maid?—
Why did I not the Danger spy,
When Love did me invade?
Ah, luckless me! successless Swain!
Since *Daphne's* false, I sigh in vain.

RECITATIVE.

Ye tuneful Groves, who hear my Sighs,
E'er hide her cruel from my Eyes.

A I R.

But oh! what Bliss would fill my Heart,
If *Daphne* cou'd be kind!
What Transport then would Joy impart,
To cheer my drooping Mind!
Oh! charming Fair,
With graceful Air,
As sweet as *May*,
As bright as Day,
Influence, oh! Queen of soft Desire,
The Maiden with Love's gentle Fire.

SONG LX.

THE Parent Bird, whose little Nest
 Is by its tender Young possess'd,
 With spreading Wings, and downy Breast,
 Does cherish them with Love;
 But soon as Nature plumes their Wings,
 And guides their Flight to Groves and Springs,
 Quite unconcern'd the Parent sings,
 Regardless where they rove.

While hapless we of Human Race
 The lasting Cares of Life embrace,
 And fill our best Affection place,
 On what procures us Pain:
 Tho' Children, as their Years increase,
 Increase our Fear, and spoil our Peace,
 Paternal Love will never cease,
 But ever will remain.

SONG LXI.

IF I live to grow old, for I find I go down,
 Let this be my Fate in a fair Country Town;
 Let me have a warm House, with a Stone at my Gate,
 And a cleanly young Girl to rub my bald Pate:
 May I govern my Passion with an absolute Sway,
 And grow wiser and better as my Strength wears away,
 Without Gout or Stone, by a gentle Decay, by a gentle
 Decay.

In a Country Town, by a murmuring Brook,
 With the Ocean at Distance whereon I may look;
 With a spacious Plain without Hedge or Stile,
 And an easy Pad-Nag to ride out a Mile:
 May I govern, &c.

With

With *Horace* and *Petrarch*, and two or three more,
Of the best Wits that liv'd in the Ages before ;
With a Dish of roast Mutton, not Venison nor Teal,
And clean, tho' coarse, Linnen at every Meal :
May I govern, &c.

With a Pudding on *Sundays*, and stout humming Liquor,
And Remnants of *Latin* to welcome the Vicar ;
With a hidden Reserve of *Burgundy* Wine,
'To drink the King's Health as oft as I dine :
May I govern, &c.

When the Days are grown short, and it freezes and
snows,
May I have a Coal Fire as high as my Nose ;
A Fire which once stirred up with a Prong,
Will keep the Room temperate all the Night long :
May I govern, &c.

With a Courage undaunted, may I face my last Day,
And when I am dead, may the better Sort say,
In the Morning when sober, in the Evening when
mellow,
He's gone and has left not behind him his Fellow ;
For he govern'd his Passion with an absolute Sway,
And grew wiser and better as his Strength wore away,
Without Gout or Stone, by a gentle Decay.

S O N G LXII.

COME *Roger* and *Nell*, come *Simkin* and *Bell*,
Each Lad with his Lass hither come,
With Singing and Dancing, in Pleasure advancing,
To celebrate Harvest Home :
'Tis *Ceres* bids play, and keep Holiday,
To celebrate Harvest Home, Harvest Home,
To celebrate Harvest Home.

Our Labour is o'er, our Barns in full Store,
Now swell with rich Gifts of the Land;
Let each Man then take, for his Prong and his Rake,
His Cann and his Lafs in his Hand:
For *Ceres*, &c.

No Courtier can be, so happy as we,
In Innocence, Pastime, and Mirth;
While thus we carouse, with our Sweetheart, or Spouse,
And rejoice o'er the Fruits of the Earth:
When *Ceres* bids play, and keep Holiday,
To celebrate Harvest Home, Harvest Home,
To celebrate Harvest Home.

S O N G LXIII.

DAMON, PASTORA, LAURA

DAMON.

THREE Goddesses standing together,
Thus puzzled young *Paris* one Day;
Can I judge the Value of either,
Where both bear so equal a Sway?

PASTORA.

Consider my Wit and Condition,
Consider my Person likewise:
I never was us'd to petition;
But prithee make use of your Eyes.

LAURA.

No Merit I plead but my Passion;
'Twas needless to mention your Vow:
Reflect, with a little Compassion,
On what this poor Bosom feels now.

DAMON.

D A M O N.

Some Genius direct me, or Dæmon,
Or else I may chance to choose wrong——
You're Part of the Goods of *Palamon*—— [*To Pastora*.
I give you to whom you belong.

P A S T O R A.

I know that my Person is charming,
Beyond what a Clown can discover ;
That Dowdy your Senses alarming,
Proves what a dull Thing is a Lover.

I'll quit the dull Plains for the City,
Where Beauty is follow'd by Merit :
Your Taste, simple *Damon*, I pity :
Your Wit who would wish to inherit ?

Perhaps you may think you perplex me,
And that I my Anger would smother :
The Loss of one Lover can't vex me ;
My Charms will procure me another.

I ne'er was more pleas'd I assure you :
How odious they look ! I can't bear 'em !
I wish you much Joy of your Fury :
My Rage into Pieces could tear 'em !

D A M O N.

Contented all Day I will sit at your Side,
Where Poplars far stretching o'er-arch the cool Tide ;
And, while the clear River runs purling along,
The Thrush and the Linnet contend in their Song,
The Thrush and the Linnet contend in their Song.

L A U R A.

L A U R A.

While you are but by me, no Danger I fear :
 Ye Lambs, rest in Safety, my *Damon* is near ;
 Bound on, ye blithe Kids, now your Gambols may please,
 For my Shepherd is kind, and my Heart is at Ease,
 For my Shepherd, &c.

D A M O N.

Ye Virgins of *Britain*, bright Rivals of Day,
 The Wish of each Heart, and the Theme of each Lay ;
 Ne'er yield to the Swain 'till he make you a Wife,
 For he who loves truly will take you for Life,
 For he who, &c.

L A U R A.

Ye Youths, who fear nought but the Frowns of the Fair,
 'Tis yours to relieve, not to add to their Care ;
 Then scorn to their Ruin Assistance to lend,
 Nor betray the sweet Creatures you're born to defend,
 Nor betray, &c.

B O T H.

For their Honour and Faith be our Virgins renown'd ;
 Nor false to his Vows one young Shepherd be found :
 Be their Moments all guided by Virtue and Truth,
 To preserve in their Age what they gain'd in their
 Youth,
 To preserve in their Age what they gain'd in their
 Youth.

S O N G LXIV.

ROUS'D *Europe* now is up in Arms,
Bellona spreads her dire Alarms,
 The Trump of Fame with martial Sound,
 Th' admiring World re-echos round ;

And

And *Prussia's* King, in dread Array,
Strikes neighbouring Monarchs with Dismay.

He has the Sword already weild,
And dy'd with Blood the waring Field ;
From iron Mouths grim Death has roll'd,
And mimic 'Thunder frights the World ;
Whole Armies now for Fight prepare,
And Kings invoke the God of War.

Britannia once rose high in Fame,
No State but dreaded *Britain's* Name,
As far as is the farthest Shore,
Albion's Lion's been heard to roar :
France does *England* now deride,
Rouse up and crush the *Gallic* Pride.

Send flying Death enwapt in Lead,
Your Chain and Shot with double Head ;
From bellowing Lungs thro' pervious Air,
Destroy her Coast, her Monarch scare :
Assert your Rights, Home Victory bring,
And save your Country and your King.

S O N G L X V .

L A S T Time I saw my *Chloe's* Eyes,
As usual first our Talk was Love ;
But suddenly as Topicks rise,
So we to other Subjects move :
I ask'd if she had din'd ? on what ?
For nought with us amiss is :
She to my Question'd answer'd pat,
On Bread and Cheese, and Kisses.

Now cou'd you think I'm jealous grown ?
Indeed 'tis true as I am here ;
But yet on me she ne'er did frown :
'Then Rivals I've no need to fear.

Yet

Yet still, alas! 'twou'd pierce my Breast,
 If aught I've done amiss is;
 To make her with another Feast,
 On Bread and Cheese, and Kisses.

Come, *Hymen*, God of nuptial Band,
 And light to Hymeneal Bliss;
 I have a Heart, I have a Hand;
 A Dowry good, I'll give her these:
 What is more choice, then Truth to give,
 To that all Wealth amiss is;
 Possess'd of her, content I'd live,
 On Bread and Cheese, and Kisses.

S O N G L X V I

WHEN *April* Day began to rise,
 I saunter'd o'er the verdant Mead,
 And lovely *Sally* cast her Eyes,
 Where'er my verdant Foot-steps led:
 All full of Mirth appear'd the Fair,
 Upon the Margin of a Pool;
 She beckon'd, but as I drew near,
 She, laughing, call'd me *April Fool*.

I shook my poor unthinking Head,
 That never dreamt on *April Day*;
 However to myself I said,
 Young Maid I'll soon this Trick repay:
 She ask'd me why I stupid stood,
 Like some poor frighted Boy at School?
 Because the Goddess of the Flood,
 Says I, makes me an *April Fool*.

Oh, la! said she, fine Words indeed,
 Enough to win a Maiden's Heart;
 Come *Collin* sound thy oaten Reed,
 And play a Love-Tune ere we part.

I drew

I drew my Pipe which pleas'd her well,
 Nor wou'd I let her Fondness cool ;
 I laid her down, but must not tell,
 How she was made an *April Fool*.

S O N G LXVII.

I Lost myself when first I view'd,
 Fair *Jenny's* charming Face,
 My stubborn Heart by Love subdu'd,
 Began to melt a-pace :
 Tho' Beauty's Charms it did withstand,
 Unconquer'd oft before ;
 Yet now it yields beyond Command,
 To worship and adore.

The bravest Heart that ever grac'd,
 The Breast of Mankind here,
 Would quickly find itself embrac'd,
 Should *Jenny* but appear :
 The Gods themselves whom Heaven greets,
 Would soon descend below,
 Ever to revel in the Sweets,
 Which *Jenny* does bestow.

No Wonder then the passive Heart,
 Of mortal Man gives Way,
 To Charms which Love to Gods impart,
 Who in their Turns obey ;
 And own that ne'er was Woman seen,
 In Beauty's Form compleat ;
 'Till they beheld fair *Jenny's* Mein,
 Where all the Graces meet.

Juno, Minerva, Venus too,
 To form her all conjoin'd,
 Wove Wisdom fast in Beauty's Clue,
 And Constancy of Mind :

Who

Who is't but knows this Fair One's Name,
 Whom rests Love's sole Defence on,
 When ev'ry Hour resounding Fame,
 Proclaims it *Jenny Benson*.

SONG LXVIII.

DEAR *Ned* let us taste the true Pleasures of
 Wine,
 And implore the God *Bacchus* to aid our Design;
 Nor nicely set up for Champaign, nor the Boast
 Of some haughty Court Lady, black *Bess* be the Toast.
 Let us drink 'till we stare, let's defy the Reformer,
 And shew each proud Minx that we heartily scorn
 her.

Let the Beaux, and the Belles, and the pretty-fac'd
 Croud,
 Of all their gay Nothings ambitiously proud,
 Call us dull drunken Sots, or whate'er they think fit;
 But 'tis Wine, and not Women, engenders true Wit.
 Then leave them their amorous Fables to forge,
 But fail not to meet thy kind Friend at the *George*.

SONG LXIX.

COME, let us prepare,
 We Brothers that are
 Met together on merry Occasion;
 Let us drink, laugh, and sing,
 Our Wine has a Spring;
 Here's a Health to an Accepted Mason.

The World is in Pain,
 Our Secret to gain,
 But still let them wonder and gaze on:
 'Till they're shewn the Light,
 They'll ne'er know the right
 Word, or Sign, of an Accepted Mason.

'Tis

'Tis this, and 'tis that,
 They cannot tell what ;
 Why so many great Men in the Nation,
 Should Aprons put on,
 To make themselves one,
 With a Free and an Accepted Mason.

Great Kings, Dukes, and Lords,
 Have laid by their Swords,
 This our Mystry to put a good Grace on ;
 And ne'er been asham'd,
 To hear themselves nam'd,
 With a Free and an Accepted Mason.

Antiquity's Pride,
 We have on our Side,
 It makes each Man just in his Station ;
 There's nought but what's good,
 To be understood,
 By a Free and an Accepted Mason.

We're true and sincere,
 We're just to the Fair,
 They'll trust us on ev'ry Occasion ;
 No Mortal can more
 The Ladies adore,
 Than a Free and an Accepted Mason.

S O N G LXX.

WHILE Beaux to please the Ladies write,
 Or Bards to get a Dinner by't,
 Their well feign'd Passions tell :
 Let me in humble Verse proclaim,
 My Love for her who bears the Name
 Of charming *Kitty Fell*,
 Charming *Kitty*, lovely *Kitty*,
 Oh ! charming *Kitty*, *Kitty Fell*.

H

That

That *Kitty's* beautiful and young,
 That she has danc'd, that she has sung,
 Alas ! I know full well :
 I feel, and I shall ever feel,
 The Dart, more sharp than pointed Steel,
 That came from *Kitty Fell*,
 Charming *Kitty*, lovely *Kitty*,
 Oh ! charming *Kitty*, *Kitty Fell*.

Of late I hop'd, by Reason's Aid,
 To cure the Wounds which Love had made,
 And bade a long Farewel :
 But t'other Day she cross'd the Green,
 I saw, I wish I had not seen,
 My charming *Kitty Fell*,
 Charming *Kitty*, lovely *Kitty*,
 Oh ! charming *Kitty*, *Kitty Fell*.

I ask'd her why she pass'd that Way ?
 To Church, she cry'd, I cannot stay ;
 Why don't you hear the Bell ?
 To Church !—oh ! take me with thee there ;
 I pray'd—she wou'd not hear my Pray'r ;
 Ah ! cruel *Kitty Fell*,
 Cruel *Kitty*, charming *Kitty*,
 Ah ! cruel *Kitty*, *Kitty Fell*.

And now I find 'tis all in vain,
 I live to love, and to complain,
 Condemn'd in Chains to dwell :
 For tho' she casts a scornful Eye,
 In Death my fault'ring Tongue will cry,
 Adieu, dear *Kitty Fell*,
 Charming *Kitty*, cruel *Kitty*,
 Adieu, sweet *Kitty*, *Kitty Fell*.

SONG LXXI.

FAIR *Kitty* beautiful and young,
 And wild as Colt untam'd,
 Bespoke the Fair from whom she sprung,
 With little Rage inflam'd :
 Inflam'd with Rage at sad Restraint,
 Which wise Mamma ordain'd ;
 And sorely vex'd to play the Saint,
 While Wit and Beauty reign'd ;
 While Wit and Beauty re - - - - ign'd :
 And sorely vex'd to play the Saint,
 While Wit and Beauty reign'd.

Must Lady *Fenny* frisk about,
 And visit with her Cousins ?
 At Balls must she make all the Rout,
 And bring Home Hearts by Dozens ?
 What has she better, pray, than I ?
 What hidden Charms to boast ?
 That all Mankind for her shou'd die,
 While I am scarce a Toast ?
 Am scarce a To - - - - ast ?
 That all Mankind for her shou'd die,
 While I am scarce a Toast ?

Dear, dear Mamma, for once let me,
 Unchain'd, my Fortune try ;
 I'll have my Earl as well as she,
 Or know the Reason why.
 Fond Love prevail'd, Mamma gave Way ;
 And *Kitty*, at Heart's Desire,
 Obtain'd the Chariot for a Day,
 And set the World on Fire ;
 On Fi - - - - re :
 Obtain'd the Chariot for a Day,
 And set the World on Fire.

H 2

SONG

S O N G LXXII

YE Shepherds and Nymphs, that adorn the gay
Plain,
Approach from your Sports, and attend to my Strain;
Amongst all your Number, a Lover so true,
Was ne'er so undone, with such Bliss in his View.

Was ever a Nymph so hard-hearted as mine?
She knows me sincere, and she sees how I pine;
She does not disdain me, nor frown in her Wrath,
But calmly, and mildly, resigns me to Death.

She calls me her Friend, but her Lover denies,
She smiles when I'm chearful, but hears not my Sighs;
A Bosom so flinty, so gentle an Air,
Inspires me with Hope, and yet bids me despair.

I fall at her Feet, and implore her with Tears;
Her Answer confounds, while her Manner endears;
When softly she tells me to hope no Relief,
My trembling Lips bless her, in spite of my Grief.

By Night while I slumber, still haunted with Care,
I start up with Anguish, and sigh for the Fair;
The Fair sleeps in Peace, may she ever do so,
And only when dreaming, imagine my Woe.

Then gaze at a Distance, nor farther aspire,
Nor think she should love, whom she cannot admire;
Hush all thy Complaining, and dying her Slave,
Commend her to Heav'n, and thyself to the Grave.

S O N G LXXIII.

Stephen, with native Freedom bless'd,
No Passion long cou'd move;
No gentle Flame glow'd in his Breast,
Nor ever thought of Love.

Whene'er

Whene'er he view'd the shining Fair,
 'Twas coldly, and uncharm'd ;
 Nor Shape, nor Feature, nor an Air,
 His icy Bosom warm'd.

Oft did he bid his Fellow Swains
 Of dang'rous Love beware,
 And often in unhallow'd Strains
 Profan'd the tender Fair ;
 But *Venus*, zealous to assert
 Her Honour without Stain,
 Bid *Love* prepare a chosen Dart,
 To wound the savage Swain.

Now *Strepson* loves the coldest Maid,
 That ever gave Despair ;
 The Earth is nightly all his Bed,
 His Covering the cold Air :
Pygmalion thus, as Poets tell,
 Was doom'd by Sentence just,
 For like Profaneness and Despite,
 To love a Marble Bust.

SONG LXXIV.

MY *Sukey*, while I fondly gaze
 On all the Beauties of thy Face,
 Where shall I fix my Kifs ?
 Thine Eyes, the little Stars of Love,
 By ev'ry sparkling Twinkle prove,
 That there's the Seat of Bliss.

But soon to these a Rival's found,
 In either Cheek's bright swelling Round,
 Where all the Morning glows.
 Who wou'd not wish on them to dwell ?
 Who wou'd not wish to taste and smell,
 The Lilly and the Rose ?

Yet most thy pretty Mouth invites,
The fullest Vintage of Delights,
And worthiest to be prest :
My Lips quick know their destin'd Sphere,
And while they gather Nectar there,
My Eyes kiss all the rest.

SONG LXXV.

YE Nymphs and Swains, come join with me,
In rural Sports and Jollity :
Let Lads and Lasses all advance,
And mingle in the sprightly Dance ;
For Peace is come, with Plenty crown'd,
And Mars lies sleeping on the Ground.

Ye Shepherds leave your fleecy Care ;
Lay by your Crooks, your Pipes prepare ;
And briskly tune the oaten Reed,
In ev'ry Grove, in ev'ry Mead ;
For Peace is come, &c.

Ye feather'd Songsters of the Plains,
Let the Hills echo with your Strains ;
And with your little warbling Throats
Proclaim these Words with joyful Notes ;
For Peace is come, &c.

Come, *Pan*, and all your hairy Train,
And gently trip it on the Plain ;
With *Bacchus* and *Silenus* too,
And all your jolly drunken Crew ;
For Peace is come, &c.

Come, fill the Goblets to the Brim,
That we may drink a Health to him,
To him, who justly rules the Land,
And keeps his Foes at his Command ;

For

*For Peace is come, with Plenty crown'd,
And Mars lies sleeping on the Ground.*

S O N G LXXVI.

S O F T God of Sleep, when thou dost seal
The lovely Charmer's Eyes,
In gentle Dreams to her reveal,
Who 'tis that for her dies.

Go the room

But if the Fair One be displeas'd
At the unwelcome Theme ;
Fly her, and let her Soul be eas'd,
In finding it a Dream.

Dear

Dear friend

S O N G LXXVII.

W H E R E *Thame* and swelling *Isis* join,
The Wood-grown Shore with Oak replete,
Tall Ash, dull Elm, and various Twine,
Of speckled Ivy, shades the Seat.
There *Damon* to the Water Sound,
Complains of *Fanny's* fickle Mind ;
And, lull'd by wood-quest Songs around,
His long-lost Peace thus strives to find.

DI

The Doves, mistaken Poets say,
In constant Transport, happy Love,
And joyous Cooings, waste the Day,
While Man they by Example move :
But strict Enquiry makes it plain,
That Rancour, envious jealous Hate,
Deforms their Plumage, proves how vain
Of Change, how curs'd with Pride their State !

To *Fanny*,auteous, awful Fair,
A Blessing seems by Heav'n design'd,
To banish baneful, wasting Care,
And gild with noble Joy the Mind :

But

For

But down-cast *Collin's* heaving Breast,
And happy *Strephon's* wanton Smile,
With *Damon's* Heart, so ill at Rest,
Prove Doves and Maids alike beguile.

S O N G LXXVIII.

SURE a Lass in her Bloom, at the Age of Nineteen,
Was ne'er so distress'd as of late I have been :
But I know not I vow any Harm I have done ;
But my Mother oft tells me she'll have me a Nun.

Don't you think it a Pity a Girl such as I,
Should be sentenc'd to pray, and to fast, and to cry ?
With Ways so devout I'm not like to be won,
And my Heart it loves Frolic too well for a Nun.

To hear the Men flatter, and promise, and swear,
Is a thousand Times better to me I declare ;
I can keep myself chaste, nor by Wiles be undone,
Nay, besides I'm too handsome I think for a Nun.

Not to love, or be lov'd ? oh I never can bear,
Nor yield to be sent—to one cannot tell where ;
To live or to die, in this Case were all one ;
Nay I sooner would die, than be reckon'd a Nun.

Perhaps but to teaze me, she threatens me so ;
I'm sure was she me, she would stoutly say, No ;
But if she's in Earnest, I from her will run,
And be married in Spite that I may'nt be a Nun.

S O N G LXXIX.

LET the Nymph still avoid and be deaf to the Swain,
Who in Transports of Passion affects to complain,
For his Rage, and his Love, in that Frenzy is shewn,
And the Blast that blows loudest is soon over blown.

But

But the Shepherd whom *Cupid* has pierc'd to the Heart,
Will submissive adore and rejoice at the Smart ;
Or in plaintive soft Murmurs his Bosom-felt Woe,
Like the smooth-gliding Current of Rivers will flow.

Tho' silent his Tongue he will plead with his Eyes,
And his Heart own your Sway in a Tribute of Sighs ;
But when he accosts you in Meadow or Grove,
His Tale is so tender—he cooes like a Dove.

S O N G LXXX.

BENEATH a Woodbine's silver Shade,
Whose Fragrance fill'd the verdant Glade,
Young *Colin* lay reclin'd ;
And while the Zephyrs, sweet and fair,
Wafted their Odours thro' the Air,
He thus disclos'd his Mind :

O, did but *Phæbe*'s lovely Mien,
Grace this charming Sylvan Scene,
How jocund should I be !
Her dimpling Smiles, sweet Maid ! do prove,
That Reason must submit to Love,
And I no more am free.

She's Goddess of the *Idalian* Grove,
Whose Graces court each Heart to love ;
No Swain but owns 'tis true :
Whene'er her artless Bloom I see,
Celestial Grace and Majesty,
Sublimest Beauties shew.

Then, O, ye Pow'rs of Love divine,
Grant charming *Phæbe* may be mine !
I shall be highly blest :
Propitious, grant what I require ;
A greater Bliss I don't desire,
To sooth my anxious Breast.

S O N G

SONG LXXXI.

YOUNG *Strepson*, by a lonely Grove,
 Sat looking o'er the Plains ;
 With dying Hope to see his Love,
 And pip'd despairing Strains.

His Sighs turn Musick in his Flute,
 And o'er the Landskip flies ;
 Th' expected Fair One to salute,
 And tells her where he lies.

Ye Woods, he cry'd, whose verdant Skreens
 Have oft conceal'd my Dear :
 Did ever Nymph delight your Scenes,
 With *Celia* to compare ?

Ye glassy Brooks, that ever glide
 Thro' Flow'r-enamel'd Glades ;
 Was e'er Reflection in your Tide,
 Like to my blooming Maid's ?

Echo, that ceases to rejoice,
 And mourns with me my Dear,
 Ne'er warbled back so sweet a Voice,
 Upon the silent Air.

Ye Zephyrs that did round her play,
 To catch her spicy Breath ;
 Was e'er the Flow'rs and tedded Hay
 So sweet in fragrant Death ?

Now moan, ye Gales, that come in vain,
 To find my Fair One here ;
 And join in melancholy Strain,
 My Griefs with *Echo's* Dear.

Ye wanton Streams your Dancing cease,
Wail thro' the restless Grove;
That now have done with silent Peace,
And murmurs for my Love.

She, hid behind a secret Yew,
With Rapture saw his Plight;
And satisfy'd her Swain was true,
Stole gently in his Sight.

He drops his Reed with sudden Joy,
And springs from heavy Grief;
Nor more thro' Fear is *Celia* coy,
But leaps to his Relief.

S O N G LXXXII.

MYRTILLA, demanding the Aid of my Pen,
To tell what of her were the Thoughts of the
Men,

Insisted for once I wou'd alter my Tune,
And write Panegyricks as well as Lampoon;
With Candor describing the Woman I see,
When I steal from my Glass, to *Myrtilla* and Tea.

If the Eyes sweet Employ to the Soul give Delight,
And Beauty's an Object engaging to Sight;
How kind is my Fair One, whose Studies confess,
Her Aim is at Nature's Amendment in Dress:
Tho' oft' in the Structure, mistaking the Plan,
She spoils what she meant shou'd give Pleasure to Man.

When I hear her sweet Voice in its natural Key,
Her good-humour'd Prattle is Musick to me,
Her Kiss wou'd soon make the dull Hermit forego
His Cell and high Views, for that Heaven below;

But

Ye

But when for a Trifle with Anger grown bold,
Her Words are but Discord, her Kisses are cold.

Like Dew to the Flow'rs, is Love to Mankind,
Each Sense's Enjoyment in Woman we find;
Unless Affectation, that Bane to the Fair,
Unfetter the Heart they attempt to ensnare:
Let Nature the Science of Pleasing direct,
A Charm ill display'd, soon becomes a Defect.

S O N G LXXXIII.

THE Heroes preparing to finish the War,
And bid to the Camp, to the Camp an Adieu;
Now sheath up their Swords, and rejoice O, ye Fair,
To think, to think of returning to you.

With Smiles, then ye Lasses, embellish your Charms,
Your Lovers with Rapture, with Rapture will come;
O! take the brave Fellows close to your Arms,
And tenderly, tenderly welcome them Home.

S O N G LXXXIV.

IF e'er in some fresh Cheek you see,
The Beauty I behold in thee;
Then shall my *Phæbe* learn to know,
The Pain and Grief I undergo,
The Pa - - - in and Grief I undergo.
If e'er in some fresh Cheek you see,
The Beauty I behold in thee,
The Beauty I - - - - be - - - - hold in thee;
Then shall my *Phæbe* learn to know,
Then shall my *Phæbe* learn to know,
The Pain and Grief I undergo,
The Pain and Grief I undergo,
The Pa - - - in and Grief, the Pain and Grief,
The Pain and Grief I undergo.

S O N G

SONG LXXXV.

The COUNTRY WEDDING.
A DIALOGUE.

COLINET.

NOW the happy Knot is ty'd,
Betsy is my charming Bride;
 Ring the Bells, and fill the Bowl;
 Revel all, without Controul.
 Who so fair as lovely *Bet*?
 Who so blest as *Colinet*?

BETTY.

Now adieu to Maiden Arts,
 Angling for unguarded Hearts;
 Welcome *Hymen's* lasting Joys,
 Lisping wanton Girls and Boys:
 HE. Girls, as fair as lovely *Bet*;
 SHE. Boys, as sweet as *Colinet*.

COLINET.

Tho' ripe Sheaves of yellow Corn
 Now my plenteous Barn adorn;
 Tho' I've deck'd my Myrtle Bow'rs
 With the fairest, sweetest Flow'rs;
 Riper, fairer, sweeter yet
 Are the Charms of lovely *Bet*.

BETTY.

Tho' on *Sundays* I was seen,
 Dress'd like any *May-Day* Queen;

I

Tho'

Tho' fix Sweethearts daily strove,
'To deserve thy *Betty's* Love ;
Them I quit, without Regret ;
All my Joy's in *Colinet*.

COLINET.

Strike up then the rustic Lay ;
SHE. Crown with Sports our Bridal Day.
HE. May each Lad a Mistress find
Like my *Betty*, fair and kind ;
SHE. And each Lass a Husband get,
Fond and true, as *Colinet*.

DUETTO and CHORUS.

Ring the Bells, and fill the Bowl ;
Revel all, without Corroul :
May the Sun ne'er rise or set,
But with Joy to happy *Bet*,
And her faithful *Colinet*.

SONG LXXXVI.

RECITATIVE.

BENEATH this sad and silent Gloom,
I waste in Sighs my youthful Bloom ;
But not the Shades that banish Day,
Drive *Lydia's* brighter Form away.
Her easy Shape, her lovely Mien,
'Th' attractive Smile of Beauty's Queen ;
Her sparkling Eyes and flowing Hair,
A Wit so smart, so soft an Air,
'The spiteful Gods contriv'd for Ruin,
And deck'd her thus for my Undoing.

A I R.

A I R.

Lovely Maid, all Charms adorning,
 Born to give supreme Delight ;
 Fairer than the rosy Morning,
 Or the silver Queen of Night :
 Why ungrateful dost thou leave me ?
 Stay, thou cruel Fair One, stay ;
 Death attends, if thou deceive me ;
Lydia, why so far away ?

R E C I T A T I V E.

I dream, or her unequal Charms
 Are folded in my Rival's Arms.
 See ! she clasps the happy Boy !

A I R.

Rage and Spite, my Wrongs requite ;
 Tortures rend him, Death attend him,
 Ere he taste the rising Joy.

R E C I T A T I V E.

No ; let him triumph, let him prize
 The faithless Wretch, whom I despise.

A I R.

Wander, *Lydia*, so will I,
 And to nobler Conquests fly ;
 Roving, ranging, ever changing,
 Gay and airy, born to vary,
 Soon the treach'rous Fair shall see,
 I can be false as well as she.

I R.

I 2

S O N G

SONG LXXXVII.

AS *Damon* in a Summer's Day,
 Beneath a Shade began his Lay,
 The Water's murmuring pass'd along,
 Well pleas'd to hear their *Damon's* Song :
 His Theme was Love, for *Delia's* Charms
 Had won the Shepherd to her Arms,
 Had won the Shepherd to her Arms.

How blest am I, who only know,
 The Joys of Love, that ever flow ?
 Dear Scenes of Pleasure now appear,
 And Love is all a *Damon's* Care :
 Hear then ye warbling Birds and Groves,
 That *Delia's* kind and *Damon* loves.

Delia as Morn is true and fair,
 Sweet as the Rose and Violet are :
 Our Hearts in mutual Bliss shall live,
 (No more can bounteous Nature give :)
 And ev'ry Tree our Passion tell,
 That Shepherds liv'd and lov'd so well.



SONG LXXXVIII.

HASTE, *Phillis*, haste, while Youth invites,
 Obey kind *Cupid's* present Voice,
 Fill ev'ry Sense with soft Delights,
 And give thy Soul a Loose to Joys :
 Let Millions of repeated Kisses prove,
 That thou all Kindness art, and I all Love.

Be mine, and only mine ; take care
 Thy Looks, thy Dreams, thy Thoughts to guide

To

To me alone, nor come so far
As liking any Youth beside.
What Men e'er court thee fly 'em, and believe
They're Serpents all, and thou the tempted *Eve*.

So shall I court thy dearest Truth,
When Beauty ceases to engage ;
So thinking on thy charming Youth,
I'll love it o'er again in Age.
So Time itself our Raptures shall improve,
While still we wake to Joy and live to love.

S O N G LXXXIX.

AS pleasing as Shades to a way-faring Swain,
When the Ardour of *Phæbus* has cleav'd the
scorch'd Plain ;
As Groves to the Linnet, or Thyme to the Bee ;
So welcome my fair One, so welcome to me ;
So welcome my fair One, so welcome to me.

Whom Love has united, no Tyrants can part,
Nor can Time e'er efface what's engrav'd in the Heart ;
Rememb'rance survives where all Rapture is past,
And Friendship's a Flame that burns bright to the last.

S O N G XC.

WHEN Snows descend, and robe the Fields,
In Winter's bright Array ;
Touch'd by the Sun, the Lustre fades,
And weeps itself away.
When Spring appears, when Vi'lets blow,
And shed a rich Perfume ;
How soon the Fragrance breathes its last !
How short-liv'd is the Bloom !

Fresh in the Morn, the Summer Rose
 Hangs wither'd e'er 'tis Noon ;
 We scarce enjoy the balmy Gift,
 But mourn the Pleasure gone.
 With gilding Fire the Evening Star
 Streaks the autumnal Skies ;
 Shook from its Seat, it darts away,
 And in an Instant dies.

Such are the Charms that flush the Cheek,
 And sparkle in the Eye ;
 So from the lively finish'd Form
 The transient Graces fly.
 To this the Seasons as they roll,
 Their Attestation bring ;
 They warn the Fair, their ev'ry Round,
 Confirms the Truth I sing.

S O N G XCI.

FOR *Florimel*, so fair of late,
 To sigh was all the Fashion ;
 The Witty, Handsome, Brave and Great,
 By Turns declar'd their Passion :
 From Court, from Camp, from Grove, from Plain,
 By Crowds of Swains surrounded,
 'Twas still her Pride each Heart to pain,
 But heal not one she wounded.

But now grown old, she'd fain repair
 Her Loss of Time and Pleasure ;
 With willing Eyes and wanton Air,
 Inviting every Gazer :
 With practis'd Smiles she soon beguiles,
 From Frost to Fire relenting ;
 No billing Dove more pants for Love ;
 Before she's ask'd, consenting.

But

But Love's a Summer Flower that dies,
 With the first Weather changing ;
 The Lover, like the Swallow flies,
 From Sun to Sun still ranging.
 From hence, since Youth will soon away,
 Ye Fair, this Lesson borrow,
 The haughty Maid that's ask'd To-day,
 Consents too late To-morrow.

S O N G X C I I.

FAIREST Daughter of the Day,
 Lovely Goddess! *sprightly May!*
 Hither come, with Roses crown'd,
 Painting where you tread the Ground.
 At the lov'd Approach of thee,
 Shoots the Mulb'ry, luscious Tree ;
 Vines their ruder Leaves unfold,
 Nor the Fig-Tree dreads the Cold.

Nymph divine ! behold the Flow'rs
 Rise to grace thy vernal Show'rs ;
 Woodbines, spangled o'er with Dew,
 Deck their Arborets for you :
 Tulips rear their glitt'ring Heads,
 Pinks adorn the fragrant Beds ;
 And the silver Lillies swell ;
 And the golden Asphodel.

Goddess ! with thy Vest of Green ;
 Goddess ! with thy youthful Mien ;
 Come, and bring thy Mines of Wealth,
 Gladness, and her Parent Health :
 Bring along thy Virgin Train ;
 Chace away grim Care and Pain :
 Now the Loves and Graces all,
 Throng obedient to thy Call.

S O N G

SONG XCIII.

RECITATIVE.

IN Love's Name you're charg'd hereby,
 To make a speedy Hue and Cry
 After a Face, which r'other Day,
 Stole my wandering Heart away :
 To direct you, these in brief,
 Are ready Marks to know the Thief.

A I R.

Her Hair a Net of Beams would prove,
 Strong enough to captive *Jove* ;
 And her lovely tow'ring Brow,
 Is a Field of purest Snow.
 Her Eyes so rich, so bright are they,
 Ev'ry Beam's a Break of Day ;
 But if she Sleeps, ah! then 'tis Night,
 Tho' the Sun shines purest Light.

In her Cheeks are to be seen,
 Of Flowers both the King and Queen :
 Hither by the Graces led,
 And freshly laid in nuptial Bed ;
 On whom Lips like Nymphs do wait,
 Who deplore their Virgin State ;
 Oft they blush, and blush for this,
 That they one another kiss.

But observe, besides the rest,
 You shall know this Felon best,
 By her Tongue ; for if your Ear
 Once an heavenly Music hear ;

Such

Such as neither Gods or Men,
But from that Voice shall hear again ;
'That, that is she, oh ! strait surprize,
And bring her unto Love's Affize.

S O N G X C I V.

COME, live with me, and be my Love,
And we will all the Pleasures prove,
That Hills and Vallies, Dales and Fields,
And all the craggy Mountain yields :
There will we sit upon the Rocks,
And see the Shepherds feed their Flocks ;
Near shallow Rivers, by whose Falls,
Melodious Birds sing Madrigals.

There will I make thee Beds of Roses,
With a Thousand fragrant Posies ;
A Cap of Flowers, with a Girdle,
Embroider'd all with Leaves of Myrtle ;
A Gown made of the finest Wool,
Which from our pretty Lambs we pull ;
If these Delights thy Mind may move,
Come, live with me, and be my Love.

Fair lined Slipper for the Cold,
With Buckles of the purest Gold ;
A Belt of Straw with Ivy Buds,
And coral Clasps, and silver Studs ;
'The Shepherd Swain shall dance and sing,
For thy Delight each *May* Morning :
If these Delights thy Mind may move,
'Then live with me, and be my Love.

S O N G X C V.

TEACH me not to chace in Love,
Where my Wishes I should place ;
Some the Mind's Endearments move,
Some the Beauties of a Face.

In

In her distant Conquest sure,
Phillis can each Heart controul :
 Killings Frowns, and Smiles that cure ;
 She wants nothing but a Soul.

When your Ardour you reveal,
Chloe's Manner you adore ;
 Each *Platonic* Sense you feel ;
 She, alas ! has nothing more.

Know from me, tyrannic Boy,
 When the Object is compleat,
 She alone is form'd for Joy,
 Where a Soul and Body meet.

S O N G XCVI.

ONE *Midsummer* Morning, when Nature look'd
 gay,
 The Birds full of Song, and the Flocks full of Play,
 When Earth seem'd to answer the Smiles from above,
 And all Things proclaim'd it the Season of Love,
 My Mother cry'd, *Nancy* come haste to the Mill,
 If the Corn be not ground, you may scold if you will,
 If the Corn be not ground, you may scold if you will.

The Freedom to use my Tongue pleas'd me no doubt,
 A Woman, alas ! would be nothing without.
 I went row'rd the Mill without any Delay,
 And conn'd o'er the Words I determin'd to say ;
 But when I came near it I found it stock still,
 Bless my Stars, now I cry'd, huff 'em rarely I will,
 Bless my Stars, &c.

The Miller to Market that Instant was gone,
 The Work was all left to the Care of his Son.

Now

Now tho' I can scold as well as any One can,
I thought 'twould be Wrong for to scold the young
Man.

I said, I'm surpriz'd you can use me so ill,
Sir, I must have my Corn ground, I must and I will,
Sir, I must, &c.

Sweet Maid, cry'd the Youth, the Neglect is not mine,
No Corn in the Town I'd grind sooner than thine.
There's no one more ready in pleasing the Fair,
The Mill shall go merrily round I declare.
But, hark ! how the Birds sing, and see how they bill,
Now I must have Kifs first, I must, and I will,
Now I must, &c.

My Corn being done, I tow'rd Home bent my Way,
He whisper'd he'd something of Moment to say,
Insist'd to hand me along the green Mead,
And there swore he lov'd me, indeed, and indeed ;
And that he'd be constant and true to me still.
So since that Time I've lik'd him, and like him I will,
So since, &c.

I often say, Mother, the Miller I'll huff ;
She laughs and cries, go Girl, aye, plague him enough ;
And scarce a Day passes, but by her Desire,
I gain a sly Kifs from the Youth I admire.
If Wedlock he wishes, his Wish I'll fulfil,
And I'll answer, Oh ! yes, with a hearty good Will,
And I'll answer, Oh ! yes, with a hearty good Will.

S O N G XCVII.

THO' lost to my View, yet my Memory still,
Sweet *Richmond*, retain'd all the Charms of thy
Hill :

Still brighter and brighter the Prospects appear,
Enrich'd by the Genius of each rising Year.

Of,

Oft, in Chase of Delight, elsewhere have I stray'd,
O'er the Lawn, o'er the Down, thro' the Grove, thro'
the Glade ;

By the Slope, by the Stream——yet dissatisfy'd still,
Oh, *Richmond* ! I sigh'd for the Charms of thy *Hill*.

'Twas Nature I sought, but in vain—for my Heart,
With Disgust, found too plainly the Footsteps of Art ;
Oh bear me, I cry'd, where free Nature can bless,
Uneduc'd by Design, and unfetter'd by Dress ;
Where various gay Charms, in wild Union advance ;
Where Joy springs from Discord, and Order from
Chance ;

Where Delight reigns unbought and unbounded ! for
still,

Oh, *Richmond* ! I thought of the Charms of thy *Hill*.

Of that *Hill*, whence in pleasing Confusion are seen,
Fields, Forests and Villas, Herds, Meadows and Men ;
Where, in playful Meanders, Old *Thames* leads his
Tide,

By the Grot, where the Muses once lov'd to reside ;
Where each Object comes pointed with Thought to
the Mind,

And to Passion awakens the Pleasures we find :

Oh ! come then, dear *Cynthia*, thy Presence can still
To wild Rapture improve the Delights of the *Hill*.

SONG XCVIII.

I'LL face ev'ry Danger
To rescue my Dear,
For Fear is a Stranger
Where Love is sincere.

Repulses but fire Us,
Despair we despise,
If Beauty inspire Us
To pant for the Prize.

SONG

SONG XCIX.

FLORA, Goddess sweetly blooming,
 Ever airy ever gay ;
 All her wonted Charms resuming,
 To *Spring-Gardens* call away.
 With this blissful Spot delighted,
 Here the Queen of *May* retreats ;
 Belles and Beaux are all invited,
 To partake of varied Sweets.

See a grand Pavillion yonder,
 Rising near the embow'ring Shades ;
 There a Temple strikes with Wonder,
 In full View of Colonades.
 Art and Nature (kindly lavish)
 Here their mingled Beauties yield,
 Equal here, the Pleasures ravish,
 Of the Court and of the Field.

Hark ! what heav'nly Notes descending,
 Break upon the list'ning Ear ;
 Musick all its Graces lending ;
 O ! 'tis Extasy to hear.
 Nightingales the Concert joining,
 Breathe their Plaints in melting Strains ;
 Vanquish'd now, their Groves resigning,
 Soon they fly to distant Plains.

Lo ! what Splendors round us darting,
 Swift illumine the charming Scene ;
 Chandeliers their Lights imparting,
 Pour fresh Beauties o'er the Green.
 Glitt'ring Lamps, in Order planted,
 Strike the Eye with sweet Surprise :
Adam scarce was more enchanted
 When he saw the Sun first rise.

K

Now

Now the various Bands are seated,
 All dispos'd in bright Array ;
 Business o'er, and Cares retreated,
 With gay Mirth they close the Day.
 Thus of old the Sons of Pleasure,
 Pass'd in Shades their fav'rite Hours ;
 (Nectar chearing their soft Leisure)
 Bless'd by Love, and crown'd with Flow'rs.

S O N G C.

I SEEK my Shepherd, gone astray ;
 He left our Hamlet t'other Day :
 Tell me, ye gentle Nymphs and Swains,
 Pass'd the dear Rebel thro' your Plains ?
 Oh ! whither, whither shall I roam,
 To find, and charm the Wanderer Home ?

Sports he upon the tufted Green,
 Or Joys he in the Mountain Scene ?
 Leads he his Flocks along the Mead,
 Or does he seek the cooler Shade ?
 Oh ! teach a wretched Nymph the Way,
 To find her Lover, gone astray ?

To paint, ye Maids, my truant Swain :
 A manly Softness crowns his Mien ;
Adonis was not half so fair,
 And when he talks, 'tis Heav'n to hear :
 But, oh ! the soothing Poison shun ;
 To listen, is to be undone.

He'll swear no Time shall quench his Flame ;
 To me the Perjur'd swore the same :
 Too fondly loving to be wise,
 Who gave my Heart an easy Prize ;

And,

[III]

And, when he tun'd his Syren Voice,
Listen'd, and was undone by Choice.

But fated now, he shuns the Kiss,
He counted once his greatest Bliss ;
Whilst I with fiercer Passions burn,
And pant and die for his Return.
Oh ! whither, whither shall I rove,
Again to find my straying Love ?

S O N G C I.

NO more the festive Train I join ;
Adieu, ye rural Sports, adieu !
For what, alas ! have Griefs like mine,
With Pastimes or Delights to do ?
Let Hearts at Ease such Pleasures prove ;
But I am all Despair and Love.

A-well-a-day ! how chang'd am I ?
When late I seiz'd the rural Reed ;
So soft my Strain, the Herds hard by,
Stood gazing, and forgot to feed :
But now my Strains no longer move ;
They're Discord all, Despair, and Love.

Behold around my straggling Sheep,
The fairest once upon the Lea ;
No Swain to guide, no Dog to keep,
Unhorn they stray, nor mark'd by me.
The Shepherds muse to see them rove :
They ask the Cause ; I answer, Love.

Neglected Love first taught my Eyes,
With Tears of Anguish to o'erflow ;
'Twas that which fill'd my Breast with Sighs,
And tun'd my Pipe to Notes of Woe.
Love has occasion'd all my Smart,
Dispers'd my Flock, and broke my Heart.

SONG CII.

SEE ! the radiant Queen of Night
 Sheds on all her kindly Beams ;
 Gilds the Plains with chearful Light,
 And Sparkles in the silver Streams.
 Smiles adorn the Face of Nature,
 Tasteless all Things yet appear,
 Unto me a hapless Creature,
 In the Absence of my Dear.

SONG CIII.

SEE how the Lambs are sporting ;
 Hear how the Warblers sing ;
 See how the Doves are courting ;
 All Nature hails the Spring.
 Let us embrace the Blessing,
 Beggars alone are free :
 Free from Employment,
 Their Life is Enjoyment :
 Beyond expressing,
 Happy they wander,
 And happy Sleep under
 'The Greenwood Tree.

SONG CIV.

HOW sweet is the Ev'ning Air,
 When the Lassies all prepare,
 So trim and so clean,
 To trip it o'er the Green,
 And meet with their Sweethearts there :
 While the pale Town Lass,
 Disguises her Face,
 To squeak at a Masquerade ;
 Where the proudest Prude
 May be subdu'd,
 And when she cries, you're rude,
 You may conclude,
 She will not die a Maid.

SONG

S O N G C V.

AT Night, by Moon-Light on the Plain,
 With Rapture, how I've seen,
 Attended by her harmless Train,
 The little Fairy Queen;
 Her Midnight Revels sweetly keep,
 While Mortals are involv'd in Sleep,
 They trip it o'er the Green.

And when they danc'd their chearful Round,
 The Morning would disclose,
 For where their nimble Feet do bound,
 Each Flower unbidden grows;
 The Daisy (fair as Maids in *May*)
 The Cowslip in his gold Array,
 And blushing Violet rose.

S O N G C V I.

HOW few, like you, would dare advise
 To trust the Town's deluding Arts;
 Where Love in daily Ambush lies,
 And triumphs over heedless Hearts?

How few, like us, would thus deny
 To indulge the tempting dear Delight,
 Where daily Pleasures charm the Eye,
 And Joys superior crown the Night.

S O N G C V I I.

THE Poets in Conscience have teaz'd us too long,
 With *Phillis* and *Chloe* in every Song;
 Quite tir'd with such Nonsense, new Themes I begin,
 And sing of the Beauties of sweet *Peggy Wynne*.

They tell us of *Venus* and *Juno* of old,
But one was a Jilt, and the other a Scold ;
To such naughty Goddeffes nothing a-kin,
Is gentle, and modest, and sweet *Peggy Wynne*.

A thousand Times *Cupid* has strove to ensnare,
And make me an amorous Slave to the Fair ;
But never could get me entrapt in his Gin,
Till baited at last with my dear *Peggy Wynne*.

That Zephyrs are soft, and are sweet I must own,
And Lillies and Roses are pretty when blown ;
But match'd with her Breath, or compar'd with her
Skin,
Believe me they're nothing to dear *Peggy Wynne*.

Should Fortune think proper to better my Fate,
And make me a Lord, with a noble Estate ;
For all her fine Favours I'd not give a Pin,
Unless she'd bestow on me sweet *Peggy Wynne*.

All Charms she possesses ; Shape, Features and Size,
And then such a tempting dear Look with her Eyes ;
Well, Heav'n forgive us, it Wishing's a Sin,
When we gaze on the Beauties of sweet *Peggy Wynne*.

S O N G CVIII.

NO Woman her Envy can smother,
Tho' ever so vain of her Charms ;
If a Beauty she spies in another,
The Pride of her Heart it alarms ;
New Conquests she still must be making,
Or fancies her Power grow less ;
Her poor little Heart is still aching,
At Sight of another's Success.

But

But Nature design'd,
In love to Mankind,
That different Beauties should move ;
Still pleas'd to ordain,
None ever shou'd Reign,
Sole Monarch in Empire or Love.
Then learn to be wise,
New Triumphs despise,
And leave to your Neighbours their Due ;
If one cannot please,
You'll find by Degrees,
You'll not be contented with two.

S O N G CIX.

GENTEEL in Personage,
Conduct in Equipage,
Noble by Heritage,
Gen'rous and free.

Brave, not romantick ;
Learn'd, not pedantick ;
Frolick, not frantick ;
This must be he.

Honour maintaining,
Meanest disdaining,
Still entertaining,
Engaging and new.

Neat, but not finical ;
Sage, but not cynical ;
Never tyrannical ;
But ever true.

S O N G CX.

O LEAVE me to complain
My Loss of Liberty ;
I never more shall see my Swain,
Or ever more be free.

O cruel,

O cruel, cruel Fate !
 What Joy can I receive,
 When in the Arms of one I hate,
 I'm doom'd, alas ! to live.

Ye pitying Pow'rs above,
 That see my Soul's Dismay ;
 O ! bring me back the Man I love,
 Or take my Life away.

S O N G CXI.

WITHOUT Affectation, gay, youthful, and
 pretty ;

Without Pride and Meanness, familiar and witty ;
 Without Forms obliging, good-natur'd and free ;
 Without Art as lovely, as lovely can be.

She acts what she thinks, and she thinks what she says,
 Regardless alike both of Censure and Praise.
 Her Thoughts and her Words, and her Actions are
 such,

That none can admire 'em, or praise her too much.

S O N G CXII.

THUS fondly careffing,
 My Idol, my Treasure,
 How great is the Blessing !
 How sweet is the Pleasure !

With Joy I behold thee,
 And doat on thy Charms,
 Thus while I enfold thee,
 I've Heav'n in my Arms.

S O N G CXIII.

CONSIDER, fair *Sylvia*, ere Wedlock you chuse,
 That nothing but Death can the Bondage unloose ;
 As Fancy directs, you may now sport and play,
 And clasp a new Lover with ev'ry new Day : But

But then one alone all your Beauty obtains,
And who gave them Freedom to rattle in Chains?

Six Months I have lov'd, 'tis too soon to believe,
In Man so precarious and prone to decieve ;
First well judge my Temper, my Humour and Parts,
For joining of Hands often separates Hearts ;
And would you so soon be the Joke of the Plains,
'Tis Madmen alone can be happy in Chains.

All *Colin* is worth, shall, sweet *Sylvia*, be thine,
My Lambkins, my Cottage, my Kids and my Kine ;
But if you reject a Proposal so kind,
In troth we must wait 'till we're both of a Mind ;
And when I perceive no Objection remains,
I'll marry, and joyfully rattle my Chains.

S O N G CXIV.

SEE, *Thyrsis*, see yon drooping Fair !
Your Idol once, and only Care ;
How sweet you sung her Name !
The very Love you offer me,
Has made that Fair the Wretch you see,
And spoil'd her of her Fame.

By her Mistake I'm taught to shun,
The Swain by whom she was undone ;
Her Fate shall be my Guide :
Your suppliant Tear, alluring Smile,
Myrtilla's Heart shall ne'er beguile,
For Virtue is its Pride.

Compassion, Honour's sacred Laws,
Sollicit ruin'd Beauty's Cause——

Then fly——your Faith redeem !
Your Bliss quite perfect then will be ;
Our Sex with Joy too will agree,
You are the Man you seem.

S O N G

SONG CXV.

AT the Wake, t'other Even young *Colin* I met,
 He took the Occasion his Vows to repeat ;
 With Rapture my Eyes and my Lips he ran o'er,
 I own it was pretty, but really no more.

Tho' with soft Expressions his Looks were endear'd,
 To his tender Protesting I paid no Regard :
 The Falshood of Swains I had heard of before,
 So I gave him a Smile, but indeed gave no more.

The confident Shepherd, encourag'd by this,
 Essay'd, I assure you, to ravish a Kiss ;
 I vow in the Struggle my Ruffles I tore,
 So frowning, protested I'd see him no more.

Next Morning I found him, reclin'd on his Crook,
 All Softness his Voice, all Repentance his Look ;
 He entreated Forgiveness a thousand Times o'er,
 And vow'd and protested he'd do so no more.

The Frowns and the Quarrels of Lovers how weak !
 For *Cupid* himself in his Favour did speak ;
 So the Swain to my Breast I again did restore,
 For, trust me, my Anger could hold out no more.

Nor wonder, dear Girls, that I treated him so,
 For on *Sunday* together to Church we shall go :
 Tho' to quit and forget him, I often have swore,
 Forgive me this once, and I'll do so no more.

SONG CXVI.

A D I A L O G U E.

H E.

THIS Way, pretty Maid, would you go ?
 Let me see you then safe thro' the Wood ;
 I pr'ythee now do not say, No,

What I ask you is meant for your Good. SHE.

S H E.

O Shepherd, a Maid should beware,
When she's thro' the Wood forced to go ;
You shall not attend me, I swear,
'Tis prudent to answer you, No.

H E.

The Gipsies and Elves all about,
Will frighten and plague you, I know ;
Then make not, dear Girl, such a Rout,
For with you I must and will go.

S H E.

I've told you my Mind once before,
I wonder you thus will intrude ;
You teaze me, and vex me—give o'er ;
Perhaps you've a Mind to be rude.

H E.

For once let me shew you the Way,
All Rudeness indeed I'll forbear ;
Can I harm so much Sweetness, I pray ?
I love you too well I declare.

S H E.

I see there is nought can perswade ;
Still on the same Subject you dwell ;
Hold—or on the Word of a Maid,
'This Instant I'll bid you farewell.

H E.

HE.

H E.

Since I'm likely to see you no more,
Then take for your Pains this and this ;
If you're angry I'll give you a Score,
You may tell, if you will, of each Kifs.

S H E.

Was ever a Creature so bold ?
You vex me, and tease me to Death :
Hold, hold, you great Monster you, hold,
You put me almost out of Breath.

H E.

From your Heart if you'll pardon me this,
I never will do so again ;
I'll leave you—now answer me, Yes,
And pardon too forward a Swain.

S O N G CXVII.

YE Fair, who shine thro' *Britain's* Isle,
And triumph o'er the Heart ;
For once attentive be a-while,
To what I now impart :
Would you obtain the Youth you love,
The Precepts of a Friend approve,
And learn the Way to keep him.

As soon as Nature has decreed
The Bloom of Eighteen Years,
And *Isabel* from School is freed,
Then Beauty's Force appears :

The

The youthful Blood begins to flow,
She hopes for Man, and longs to know
The surest Way to keep him.

When first the pleasing Pain is felt
Within the Lover's Breast ;
And you by strange Persuasion melt,
Each wishing to be blest ;
Be not too bold, nor yet too coy,
With Prudence lure the happy Boy,
And that's the Way to keep him.

At Court, at Ball, at Park, or Play,
Assume a modest Pride ;
And, lest your Tongue your Mind betray,
In fewer Words confide.
The Maid who thinks to gain a Mate
By giddy Chat, will find too late,
That's not the Way too keep him.

In dressing ne'er the Hours kill,
That Bane to all the Sex ;
Nor let the Arts of dear Spadille
Your Innocence perplex :
Be alway decent as a Bride,
By virtuous Rules your Reason guide,
For that's the Way to keep him.

But when the nuptial Knot is fast,
And both its Blessings share ;
To make those Joys for ever last,
Of Jealousy beware :
His Love with kind Compliance meet,
Let Constancy the Work compleat,
And you'll be sure to keep him.

S O N G CXVIII.

IF Wine and Musick have the Pow'r,
 'To ease the Sicknefs of the Soul ;
 Let *Phœbus* every String explore,
 And *Bacchus* fill the sprightly Bowl.

Let them their friendly Aid employ,
 To make my *Chloe's* Absence light ;
 And seek for Pleasure, to destroy
 The Sorrows of this live-long Night.

But she 'To-morrow will return :
Venus, be thou To-morrow great ;
 Thy Myrtles strow, thy Odours burn,
 And meet thy fav'rite Nymph in State.

Kind Goddess, to no other Pow'rs
 Let us To-morrow's Blessings own ;
 Thy darling Loves shall guide the Hours,
 And all the Day be thine alone.

S O N G CXIX.

COME, chear up, my Lads, 'tis to Glory we steer,
 To add something new to this wonderful Year :
 To Honour we call you, not press you like Slaves ;
 For who are so free, as we Sons of the Waves ?

C H O R U S.

*Heart of Oak are our Ships, Heart of Oak are our Men,
 We always are ready,
 Steady, Boys, steady,
 We'll fight and we'll conquer again, and again.*

We

We ne'er see our Foes, but we wish them to slay ;
 They never see us, but they wish us away ;
 If they run, why we follow, and run them ashore,
 For if they won't fight us, we cannot do more.

C H O R U S.

Heart of Oak, &c.

They swear they'll invade us, these terrible Foes,
 They frighten our Women, and Children, and Beaus ;
 But should their Flat-bottoms in Darkness get o'er,
 Still *Britons* they'll find, to receive them ashore.

C H O R U S.

Heart of Oak, &c.

We'll still make them run, and we'll still make them
 sweat,
 In Spite of the Devil, and *Brussels* Gazette ;
 Then cheer up, my Lads, with one Voice let us sing,
 Our Soldiers, our Sailors, our Statesmen, and King.

C H O R U S.

*Heart of Oak are our Ships, Heart of Oak are our Men,
 We always are ready,
 Steady, Boys, steady,
 We'll fight and we'll conquer again, and again.*

S O N G CXX.

IN Story we're told,
 How our Monarchs of old,
 O'er *France* spread their royal Domain ;
 But no Annals can show,
 Their Pride laid so low,
 As when brave *George* the Second did Reign, brave
 Boys !
 As when brave *George* the Second did reign.

CHORUS.

*But no Annals can show,
Their Pride laid so low,
As when brave George the Second did Reign, brave Boys !
As when brave George the Second did Reign.*

*Of Roman and Greek,
Let Fame no more speak,
How their Arms the old World did subdue ;
Thro' the Nations around,
Let our Trumpets now sound,
How Britons have conquer'd the New, brave Boys !
How Britons have conquer'd the New.*

CHORUS.

Thro' the Nations around, &c.

*East, West, North, and South,
Our Cannon's loud Mouth,
Shall the Rights of our Monarch maintain,
On America's Strand,
Amherst limits the Land,
Boscawen gives Law on the Main, brave Boys !
Boscawen gives Law on the Main.*

CHORUS.

On America's Strand, &c.

*Each Port and each Town
We still make our own ;
Cape Breton, Crown Point, Niagar',
Guadalupe, Senegal,
Quebec's mighty Fall,
Shall prove we've no Equal in War, brave Boys !
Shall prove we've no Equal in War.*

CHORUS.

C H O R U S.

Guadalupe, Senegal, &c.

Though *Conflans* did boast,
He'd conquer our Coast,
Our Thunder soon made Monsieur mute ;
Brave *Hawke* wing'd his Way,
Then bounc'd on his Prey,
And gave him an *English* Salute, brave Boys !
And gave him an *English* Salute.

C H O R U S.

Brave Hawke wing'd his Way, &c.

At *Minden* you know
How we conquer'd the Foe,
While homeward their Army now flea's :
Though they cry'd *British* Bands,
Are too hard for our Hands,
Begar we can beat them in Heels, *Morblicu* !
Begar we can beat them in Heels.

C H O R U S.

Though they cry'd British Bands, &c.

While our Heroes from home,
For Laurels now roam,
Should the flat-bottom Boats but appear ;
Our Militia shall shew
No wooden-shoe Foe,
Can with Freeman in Battle compare, brave Boys !
Can with Freeman in Battle compare.

C H O R U S.

Our Militia shall shew, &c.

Our Fortunes and Lives,
 Our Children and Wives,
 To defend is the Time now or never ;
 Then let each Volunteer
 To the Drum-Head repair ;
 King George and Old England for ever, brave Boys!
 King George and Old England for ever.

CHORUS.

*Then let each Volunteer
 To the Drum-Head repair ;
 King George and Old England for ever, brave Boys !
 King George and Old England for ever.*

SONG CXXI.

COME here, fellow Servant, and listen to me,
 I'll shew you how those of superior Degree,
 Are only Dependants no better than we.

CHORUS.

*Both High and Low in this do agree,
 'Tis here, fellow Servant,
 And there, fellow Servant,
 And all in a Livery.*

See yonder fine Spark in Embroidery dress,
 Who bows to the Great, and if they smile is blest ;
 What's he ? I faith but a Servant at best.

CHORUS.

Both High and Low in this do agree, &c.

Nature made all alike, no Distinction she craves,
 So we laugh at the great World, its Fools and its Knaves ;
 For we are all Servants, but they are all Slaves

CHORUS.

CHORUS.

Both High and Low in this do agree, &c.

The fat shining Glutton looks up to the Shelf,
And wrinkled lean Miser bows down to his Pelf;
And the curl-pated Beau is a Slave to himself.

CHORUS.

Both High and Low in this do agree, &c.

The gay sparkling Belle, who the whole Town alarms,
And with Eyes, Lips, and Neck sets the Smarts all in
Arms,
Is a Vassal herself, a mere Drudge to her Charms.

CHORUS.

Both High and Low in this do agree, &c.

Then we'll drink like our Betters, and laugh, sing
and love,
And when sick of one Place, to another we'll move;
For with Little and Great, the best Joy is to rove.

CHORUS.

*Both High and Low in this do agree,
'Tis here, fellow Servant,
And there, fellow Servant,
And all in a Livery.*

SONG CXXII.

YE Gods! you gave to me a Wife,
Out of your Grace and Favour;
To be the Comfort of my Life,
And I was glad to have her:
But if your Providence Divine,
For greater Bliss design her,
To obey your Wills at any Time,
I am ready to resign her.

SONG

SONG CXXIII.

OF the States in Life so various;
 Marriage, sure, is most precarious;
 'Tis a Maze so strangely winding,
 Still we are new Mazes finding;
 'Tis an Action so severe,
 That nought but Death can set us clear;
 Happy's the Man, from Wedlock free,
 Who knows to prize his Liberty:
 Were Men wary
 How they marry,
 We should not be by Half so full of Misery.

SONG CXXIV.

What Joys does Conquest yield,
 When returning from the Field,
 In triumphant State we see,
 The god-like Hero crown'd with Victory.
 Lawrel Wreaths his Head surrounding,
 Banners waving in the Wind;
 Fame her golden Trumpet sounding,
 Ev'ry Voice in Chorus join'd:
 All uniting to proclaim
 Th'immortal Honours of his Name.

SONG CXXV.

A DIALOGUE.

D A M O N.

COME, my *Laura*, heav'nly Maid,
 To this cool refreshing Shade;
 Where the V'let, Pink, and Rose,
 All their blooming Sweets disclose.
 See the Nymphs and Swains are met,
 Happy in the cool Retreat;

Hail

Hail to Mirth, and amorous Play,
This is Shepherd's Holiday.

L A U R A.

Wander then, ye giddy Flocks,
O'er the Hill, or 'mongst the Rocks ;
From her Shepherd, Night or Day,
Laura never means to stray.
Come, begin, ye sportive Throng,
Tune the Pipe, and raise the Song,
Celebrate, without delay,
'This our Shepherd's Holiday.

D A M O N.

Sound, the rattling Tabor, sound,
Let my *Laura's* Health go round ;
Kinder she than vernal Show'rs,
Sweeter far than *May* born Flowers.
Dimpled Smiles and heav'nly Truth,
Join t' adorn her blooming Youth ;
These soft Charms without allay,
Crown the Shepherd's Holiday.

L A U R A.

Happy *Laura* ! oh ! how blest,
'Thus of *Damon's* Love possess'd :
Witness Hill, and Dale, and Grove,
Here I plight eternal Love.
Wou'd the Gods on me bestow
Power to lighten human Woe,
Damon's Life should glide away,
Like a Shepherd's Holiday.

S O N G

S O N G CXXVI.

R E C I T A T I V E.

GREAT *Diocles* the Boar has kill'd,
 Whose Fury did infest the Land:
 What Heart is not with Rapture fill'd?
 What *Roman* can his Joys command?

A I R.

Down, down let him fall,
 To the deepest Shades below;
 Contemn'd by all:
 And now let us bless the Hand,
 That kindly has sav'd the Land,
 By giving the fatal Blow.

R E C I T A T I V E.

The Sound of War we fear no more,
 We dread no Fright of raging Boar;
 And now, the Shepherds, with their Flocks,
 Returning safe from barren Rocks,
 Will soon increase their Store.
 Then let our softer Notes increase,
 To sound the Praise of calmer Peace;
 Tho' Laurels have been stain'd with Blood,
 Now Peace bestows her greater Good.

A I R.

The Peasant, lab'ring in the Field,
 Fair Industry shall now requite:
 The Sword must to the Sickle yield;
 And Friend and Foe in Peace unite.

R E C I T A T I V E.

With both our mighty Monarchs crown'd;
 Gentle in Peace, in War renown'd.

A I R.

A I R.

Of all the Gifts that Heaven bestows,
The best, that from his Bounty flows
Is balmy Peace :
Whose soft Increase restores
Whatever War destroys.
Her happy Reign
Revives the Swain,
And opens a new Scene of Joys.

R E C I T A T I V E.

Now, to our mighty Emperor begin
Th' enlivening Strain :
High, higher let it rise !
Great as his Worth, and lasting as his Fame.

A I R.

Great Liberty attend,
The *Roman* Cause defend ;
Guard us from open Force,
And Home Design :
By *Diocles*, and Thee,
Made happy and free,
And still continue in his glorious Line.
Where'er the *Roman* Eagles fly,
Let them lead on to Victory.

C H O R U S.

Where'er the *Roman* Eagles fly,
Let them lead on to Victory.

S O N G CXXVII.

ATTEND all ye Fair, and I'll tell you the Art,
To bind every Fancy with Ease in your Chains ;
To hold in soft Fetters the conjugal Heart,
And banish from *Hymen* his Doubts and his Pains.

When

When *Juno* accepted the Cestus of Love,
 At first she was handsome, she charming became ;
 It taught her with Skill the soft Passions to move,
 To kindle at once and to keep up the Flame.

'Tis this magic Secret gives th' Eyes all their Fire,
 Lends the Voice-melting Accents, impassions the
 Kifs ;
 Gives the Mouth the sweet Smiles, that wakens Desire,
 And plants round the Fair, each Incentive to Bliss.

Thence flows the gay Chat, more than Reason that
 charms ;
 The eloquent Blush, that can Beauty improve ;
 The fond Sigh, the fond Vow, the soft Touch that
 alarms ;
 The tender Disdain, the Renewal of Love.

Ye Fair take the Cestus, and practise its Art ;
 The Mind unaccomplish'd, meer Features are vain ;
 Exert your sweet Power, you conquer each Heart,
 And the Loves, Joys and Graces shall walk in your
 Train.

SONG CXXVIII.

A DIALOGUE.

DAMON.

TURN, dearest *Cynthia*, turn and see,
 A Youth who dies for Love of thee ;
 Reflect with Pity on my Pain,
 Nor let me longer plead in vain :
 Canst thou behold me pine and grieve,
 Yet know 'tis godlike to relieve ?

CYNTHIA.

CYNTHIA.

Nay, prithee spare me, gentle Youth ;
Can *Damon* doubt of *Cynthia's* Truth ?
Begone—I told thee once before,
My Heart was thine——what would'st thou more ?
I will not thus be teaz'd and prest ;
'Tis Time alone must do the Rest.

DAMON.

Oh ! think that Sentence too severe ;
I love, and Love's a Slave to fear ;
Should some more wealthy Rival come,
'Twould quickly fix poor *Damon's* Doom ;
Who then might tend his poultry Sheep,
And o'er his willow Garland weep.

CYNTHIA.

I swear, by all the Pow'rs above,
But first and chief, by mighty Love ;
'Tis not the tinsel Pride of State,
Or being what the World calls great :
That never shall debauch my Heart,
To act so base, so vile a Part.

DAMON.

Then let us in chaste *Hymen's* Bands
This Instant join our willing Hands ;
Content beneath this humble Shed,
We'll toil to earn our Babies Bread ;
With mutual Kindness bear Love's Yoke,
And pity greater finer Folk.

M

SONG

S O N G CXXIX.

GENTLE *Cupid* ! seek my Lover,
Waft a thousand Sighs from me !
All my tender Fears di cover,
Bid him haste ! ———
O bid him haste and set me free.

S O N G CXXX.

THOU only Darling I admire,
My Heart's Delight, my Soul's Desire !
Possessing thee I've greater Store,
Then King to be of *India's* Shore.

For every Woman were there three,
And in the World no Man but me ;
I'd single you from all the Rest
To sweeten Life, and make me blest.

S O N G CXXXI.

LOVE's a gentle gen'rous Passion,
Source of all sublime Delight,
When with mutual Inclination,
Two fond Hearts in one unite,
Two fond Hearts in one unite.

What are Titles, Pomp or Riches,
If compar'd with true Content ?
That false Joy which now bewitches,
When obtain'd we may repent,
When obtain'd, &c.

Lawless Passion brings Vexation,
But a chaste and constant Love,
Is the glorious Emulation,
Of the blissful State above,
Of the blissful State above.

S O N G

S O N G CXXXII.

HOW hapless is the Virgin's Fate,
Whom all Mankind's pursuing;
For while she flies this treach'rous Bait,
From that, she meets her Ruin.

So the poor Hare when out Breath,
From Hound to Man is prest,
Then she encounters certain Death,
And 'scapes the gentler Beast.

S O N G CXXXIII.

FAME of *Dorinda's* Conquests brought
The God of Love her Charms to view;
To wound th' unwary Maid he thought,
But soon became her Conquest too.

He dropp'd half drawn his feeble Bow,
He look'd, he rav'd, and fighting pin'd;
And wish'd in vain he had been now,
As Painters fasly draw him, blind.

Disarm'd, he to his Mother flies,
Help, *Venus*, help thy wretched Son!
Who now will pay Us Sacrifice?
For *Love* Himself's, alas! undone.

To *Cupid* now no Lover's Pray'r
Shall be address'd in suppliant Sighs;
My Darts are gone, but O beware,
Fond Mortals, of *Dorinda's* Eyes.

S O N G CXXXIV.

TDIE with too transporting Joy,
If She I love rewards my Fire;
If She's inexorably Coy,
With too much Passion I expire.

No Way the Fates afford to shun
The cruel Torment I endure ;
Since I am doom'd to be undone
By the Disease, or by the Cure.

S O N G CXXXV.

A C A N T A T A.

R E C I T A T I V E.

WHEN Beauty's Goddess from the Ocean sprung,
Ascending, o'er the Waves she cast a Smile
On fair *Britannia's* happy Isle,
And rais'd her tuneful Voice, and thus she sung.

A I R.

Hail *Britannia!* hail to thee,
Fairest Island of the Sea!
Thou my fav'rite Land shalt be.
Cyprus too shall own my Sway,
And dedicate to me its Groves;
Yet *Venus* and her Train of Loves
Will with happier *Britain* stay.
Hail *Britannia!* hail to thee,
Fairest Island of the Sea!
Thou my fav'rite Land shalt be.

R E C I T A T I V E.

Britannia heard the Notes diffusing wide,
And saw the Pow'r whom Gods and Men adore
Approaching nearer with the Tide,
And in a Rapture loudly cry'd,
O welcome! welcome to my Shore!

A I R.

A I R.

Lovely Isle ! so richly blest !
 Beauty's Palm is thine confest.
 Thy Daughters all the World outshine,
 Nor *Venus*' Self is so divine.
 Lovely Isle ! so richly blest !
 Beauty's Palm is thine confest.

S O N G CXXXVI.

RESOLV'D, as her Poet, of *Celia* to sing,
 For Emblems of Beauty I search'd thro' the
 Spring ;

To Flowers soft blooming compar'd the sweet Maid,
 But Flowers, tho' blooming, at Ev'ning may fade :
 Of Sunshine and Breezes I next thought to write,
 Of Breezes so calm, and of Sunshine so bright ;
 But these, with my Fair, no Resemblance will hold,
 For Suns set at Night, and the Breezes grow cold.

The Clouds of mild Evening array'd in pale Blue,
 While the Sun-Beams behind them peep'd glittering
 thro' ;

Tho' to rival her Charms they can never arise,
 Yet methought they look'd something like *Celia*'s
 sweet Eyes.

These Beauties are transient, but *Celia*'s will last,
 When Spring and when Summer, and Autumn are past ;
 For Sense and good Humour no Season disarms,
 And the Soul of my *Celia* enlivens her Charms.

At length on a Fruit-Tree a Blossom I found,
 Which Beauty display'd, and shed Fragrance around ;
 I then thought the Muses had smil'd on my Pray'r,
 This Blossom I cry'd, will resemble my Fair.

These Colours so gay, and united so well,
 This delicate Feature, and ravishing Smell,

Be her Person's dear Emblem: But where shall I find,
In Nature, a Beauty that equals her Mind?

This Blossom now pleasing, at Summer's gay Call,
Must languish at first and must afterwards fall;
But behind it the Fruit, its Successor, shall rise,
By Nature disrob'd of its beauteous Disguise:
So *Celia*, when Youth, that gay Blossom is o'er,
By her Virtues improv'd shall engage me the more;
Shall recal ev'ry Beauty that brighten'd her Prime,
When her Merit is ripen'd by Love and by Time.

SONG CXXXVII.

MY Fair is beautiful as Love,
Stately, yet void of Pride;
Gentle, as is the Turtle Dove,
And constant as the Tide.

Prudence in all her Ways we find,
The Graces round her throng;
Wisdom itself has form'd her Mind,
And Musick's on her Tongue.

SONG CXXXVIII.

FAREWEL my Flocks, once tender Care,
Your bleating Sounds have lull'd mine Ear;
No longer can I with you stay,
For Love commands me far away.

Farewel ye Swains and rural Ease,
Your soft Delights my Soul cou'd please;
Cou'd I with him enjoy the Day,
Whose Love commands me far away.

Farewel to every Thing but Love,
To Flocks and Swains, and shady Grove;
To warbling Birds and blithsome *May*;
Come, Love, and take me far away.

SONG

SONG CXXXIX.

RECITATIVE

WHERE shall a poor forsaken Virgin fly,
To live at Ease, or else in Peace to die?
To yonder Hill I fain would go,
Where sporting Lambkins play,
Their Innocence may sooth my Woe,
And drive my Grief away.

AIR.

Oh! that I might retire,
To some delightful Shade;
Where Love's pernicious Fire,
Can ne'er my Rest invade.

RECITATIVE.

See there, my *Strepbon* walks along;
To *Phillis* he directs his Song:
To her alone he does resign,
Those Vows, those Oaths which once were mine.

AIR.

Go, perjur'd Swain, enjoy your Love;
And may this darling She,
As false to thy Endearments prove,
As thou hast been to me.

No more I'll pine for an Ingrate,
No more my Mind perplex;
But, for thy Sake, I'll ever hate,
Thy whole deceitful Sex.

SONG

G

S O N G CXL.

DEAR, unrelenting, cruel Fair,
 How cou'd you first my Heart enshare,
 Then leave that Heart to break,
 Then leave that Heart to break?
 How cou'd you first obtain a Prize,
 By those dear sweet deluding Eyes,
 And then that Prize forsake?

Like the close everlasting Flame,
 My Heart is doom'd to burn the same,
 Whilst you that Heart inspire;
 You, like the Vestal, void of Sleep,
 Within eternal Vigils keep,
 And feed the fainting Fire.

Dear, cruel Nymph, those Flames suppress;
 O love me more, or plague me less;
 Too much, you know, I've bore:
 For Shame throw off that haughty Air,
 And shew the soft complying Fair;
 Or let me love no more.

S O N G CXLI.

IN *June's* fragrant Month where the silver *Thames*
 flows,
 And Nature's gay Beauties transparently shows,
 I walk'd with my *Nancy* lock'd close Arm in Arm,
 And prattled of Love as I view'd ev'ry Charm;
 I prais'd her white Bosom, her black flowing Hair,
 Lord, bless me!—said she, this is going too far.

I lov'd the fair Maid, and my Suit I prefer'd;
 When Virtue I prais'd, she attentively heard;
 She blush'd, as I talk'd of a Vestal's Desert;
 And smil'd, as I vow'd she had conquer'd my Heart:
 Then

Then tenderly said, do not pass such an Air,
 If you love not with Truth, this is going too far.
 She told me, with Eloquence, fine as her Frame,
 That Virtue and Honour were nobler than Fame;
 That Love and Content were superior to Wealth,
 And splendid Ambition was nothing to Health;
 That Marr'age was sacred, which Heav'n made its Care,
 Lord, bless me! thought I, this is going too far.
 Perhaps, I reply'd, should she offer her Hand,
 On me her Inferior in Flocks and in Land,
 Her Friends would despise her, the World it might
 blame,
 Though her Sense and her Merit would still be the
 same;
 Her Beauty and Fortune might well claim a Star,
 She started, and said, this is going too far.
 Her Rebuke it was just, but her Frown was severe,
 Such Beauty and Anger no Mortal can bear;
 I seiz'd her white Hand, which I press'd with my Lip,
 Such Sweetness the Bees on fair *Hybla* would sip;
 I ask'd her Forgiveness, she granted my Pray'r,
 And yet seem'd afraid, this is going too far.
 I vow'd that my Heart was entirely her own,
 Which should yield to her Sway, as the Tide to the
 Moon;
 She own'd that her Passion should equally run,
 As true to my Flame, as its Flower to the Sun;
Hymen's Torch brightly blaz'd, which has bless'd the
 fond Pair,
 Who love, and ne'er say, this is going too far.

S O N G CXLII.

As *Colin* rang'd early one Morning in Spring,
 To hear the Woods Choiristers warble and sing;
 Young *Phæbe* he saw supinely was laid,
 And thus in sweet Melody sung the fair Maid.

Of

But then I laugh'd and swore I lov'd her more than so,
For tied each to a Rope's End, 'tis tugging to and fro :
Again we kiss'd and press'd, were we much to blame ?
Had you been in my Place, you'd have done the same.

Then she sigh'd and said, she was wond'rous sick,
Dicky Katy led, *Katy* she led *Dick* ;

Long we toy'd and play'd, under yonder Oak,
Katy lost the Game, though she play'd in Joke :
For there we did alas ! what I dare not name ;
Had you been in my Place, you'd have done the same.

Fal, lal, &c.

S O N G CXLVII.

THO' Ladies look gay, when of Beauty they boast,
And Misers are envy'd when Wealth is in-
creas'd :

The Vapours oft kill all the Joys of a Toast ;
And the Miser's a Wretch, when he pays for the
Feast.

The Pride of the Great, of the Rich, of the Fair,
May Pity bespeak, but Envy can't move ;
My Thoughts are no farther aspiring,
No more my fond Heart is desiring,
Than Freedom, Content, and the Man that I love.

S O N G CXLVIII.

COME listen a-while and I'll tickle your Ears,
With a few little Vict'ries, by which it appears,
We have gain'd from the *French* in two little Years,
Which Nobody can deny deny, which Nobody can deny.

We have beat them, my Boys ; and I'll hold you a
Pound,

We shall beat them, my Boys, upon Sea or dry Ground ;
We shall beat them as long as the World goes round,
Which Nobody, &c.

With

With *Guadalupe* first I embellish my Strain,
Then a Cluster of Forts crowd into my Brain,
Crown Point, Frontinac, Niagara, Duquesne,

Which Nobody, &c.

Quebec we have taken, and taken *Breton* ;
Tho' the Coast was so steep, that a Man might as soon,
As the *Frenchmen* imagin'd, have taken the Moon,

Which Nobody, &c.

Senegal we have taken, and taken *Goree*,
And thither we trade, for our Blacks do you see ;
For who should buy Slaves, but they that are free ?

Which Nobody, &c.

Then at *Minden*, you know, we defeated our Foes,
Tho' our Horse stood aloof without coming to Blows ;
And why Nobody's bang'd for it, Nobody knows,

Which Nobody, &c.

Boscawen at *Lagos*, and *Hawke* in the Bay,
Your Vict'ries had I but room to display,
I'm sure I should not have done singing To-day,

Which Nobody, &c.

O what is become of the Fleet out of *Brest* ?
Some are burnt, some are taken, and where are the Rest ?
Why some are fled East, and some are fled West,

Which Nobody, &c.

Of all my Experience how vast the Amount,
Since fifteen long Winters I fairly can count ;
Was ever poor Damsel so sadly betray'd,
'To live to these Years, and yet still be a Maid ?

Ye Heroes triumphant by Land and by Sea,
Sworn Voraries to Love, yet unmindful of me ;
Of Prowess approv'd, of no Dangers afraid,
Will you stand by like Dastards, and see me a Maid ?

Ye Counsellors sage, who with eloquent Tongue,
Can do what you please, both with Right and with
Wrong ;
Can it be by Law or by Equity said,
That a comely young Girl ought to die an old Maid ?

Ye learned Physicians, whose excellent Skill,
Can save or demolish, can heal or can kill ;
To a poor forlorn Damsel contribute your Aid,
Who is sick, very sick, of remaining a Maid.

Ye Fops I invoke not to list to my Song,
Who answer no End, and to no Sex belong ;
Ye Echo of Echos, and Shadows of Shade,
For if I had you, I might still be a Maid.

Poor *Colin* was melted to hear her complain,
Then whisper'd Relief like a kind-hearted Swain ;
And *Phæbe* well pleas'd is no longer afraid,
Of being neglected, and dying a Maid.

S O N G CXLIII.

LOVE's the Tyrant of the Heart,
Full of Mischief, full of Woe ;
All his Joys are mix'd with Smart ;
Thorns beneath his Roses blow :
Serpent-like he stings the Breast
Where he's harbour'd and caress'd,

SONG

SONG CXLIV.

WHAT Haste you were in to be doing,
When two at a Time you were wooing ;
You Men are so keen,
When once you begin,
You fancy you ne'er shall have done.

What Haste you were in to be billing,
With two at a Time for a Shilling ;
Yet quickly you'd find,
If any prov'd kind,
You'd Work enough meet with one.

SONG CXLV.

MY Daddy is gone to his Grave ;
My Mother lies under a Stone ;
And never a Penny I have,
Alas ! I am quite undone.

My Lodging is in the cold Air,
And Hunger 'is sharp, and bites ;
A little Sir, good Sir, spare,
To keep me warm o' Nights.

SONG CXLVI.

I Made Love to *Kate*, long I sigh'd for she,
'Till I heard of late, she'd a Mind to me ;
I met her on the Green in her best Array,
So pretty she did seem, she stole my Heart away ;
O then we kiss'd and press'd, were we much to blame ?
Had you been in my Place, you'd have done the same.

As I fonder grew she began to prate,
Quoth she, I'll marry you, if you will marry *Kate* ;
But

Some ten Fathom deep in the Sea may be found,
And some in the River *Villaine* are a-ground ;
Where they lie very safe, but not very sound,

Which Nobody, &c.

Let *France* then all Title to Glory resign,
For these Years shall unmatched in our Histories shine,
The renown'd FIFTY-EIGHT, and the great FIFTY-
NINE,

Which Nobody can deny deny, which Nobody can deny.

S O N G CXLIX.

PARTING to Death we well compare,
For sure to those who love sincere,
So dreadful is the Pain :
Such Doubts, such Horrors rend the Mind ;
But, oh ! when adverse Fate grows kind,
How sweet to meet again ?

To those try'd Hearts, and those alone,
Who have the Pangs of Absence known,
The blissful Change is given :
And who, oh ! who would not endure,
The Pangs of Death, if they were sure,
To reap the Joys of Heav'n.

S O N G CL.

DECRIPIT Winter limp'd away,
Now youthful Spring all trim and gay
Comes tripping o'er the sunny Plain,
With Health and Pleasure in her Train.
She comes, and lo ! where'er she treads,
Soft Cowslips lift their velvet Heads ;

With

With Snow-Drops white, and Vi'lets blue,
And Flow'rs of every Leaf and Hue.

Hail ! smiling Season, woo'd by thee,
Town has no longer Charms for me ;
Sated with Folly, Smoak, and Noise,
I pant for calmer purer Joys.
Lead me, some rural Genius, where
The wanton, cool, and balmy Air,
Fresh breathing from Hill, Mead, and Grove,
Inspires Festivity and Love.

Thrice happy Man, whose friendly Fate
Affords a pleasant Country Seat ;
Secure Retirement, and Defence,
From Bus'ness and Impertinence.
There he may stretch, beneath the Shade
For Ease, and Contemplation made ;
And, neither Spy nor Whisp'rer near,
Enjoy the Beauties of the Year.

S O N G C L I.

SOUND, sound aloud, triumphant Fame;
Great *Dioclesian's* Name proclaim,
In ever glorious Lays ;
Stand in the Center of the Earth ;
Call all the World to join our Mirth,
And celebrate his Praise.

C H O R U S.

Let all rehearse,
In lofty Verse,
Great *Dioclesian's* Story :
Sound his Renown,
Advance his Crown,
Immortalize his Glory.

S O N G C L I I.

WHY should Women so much be controul'd ?
 Why should Men with our Rights make so
 bold ?

Let the Battle 'twixt Sexes be try'd,
 We shall soon prove the strongest Side.
 Then stand to your Arms,
 And trust to your Charms,
 Soon whining and pining,
 The Men will pursue;
 But if you grow tame,
 They'll but make you their Game,
 And prove perfect Tyrants
 If once they subdue.

S O N G C L I I I.

I AM in Truth,
 A Country Youth,
 Unus'd to *London* Fashions ;
 Yet Virtue guides,
 And still presides,
 O'er all my Steps and Passions :
 No courtly Leer,
 But all sincere,
 No Bribe shall ever blind me ;
 If you can like
 A *Yorkshire* Tike,
 An honest Lad you'll find me.

'Tho' Envy's Tongue,
 With Slander hung,
 Does oft bely our County ;
 No Men on Earth,
 Boast greater Worth,
 Or more extend their Bounty :

Our

Our Northern Breeze
With us agrees,
And does for Business fit us ;
In publick Cares,
In Love's Affairs,
With Honour we acquit us.

A noble Mind
Is ne'er confin'd
To any Shire, or Nation ;
He gains most Praise,
Who best displays,
A gen'rous Education.
While Rancour rolls,
In narrow Souls,
By narrow Views discerning,
The truly Wise,
Will only prize
Good Manners, Sense, and Learning.

S O N G CLIV.

WHEN we, dearest *Nell*, shall be parted,
O think not that Ill can beride ;
'Tis Death thus to see thee sad-hearted,
Tho' I fear not a *French* Broadside.
We're going to plow the rough Ocean,
In Search of a treacherous Foe ;
Resolv'd when his Fleet is in Motion,
To give it a terrible Blow.

C H O R U S.

*With Cannon by Fate well directed,
We'll curb the proud Navy of France ;
Defeat the Invasion projected,
And teach the Monsieurs a new Dance.*

Near *Mile-End-Green*, when Robbers surrounded,
 This Stick, cut from tough *British* Oak,
 Their Clubs and their Pistols confounded,
 And fell'd two huge Thieves at a Stroke :
 'This brave oaken Towel so trusty,
 Which cou'd such mean Villains withstand,
 Will surely deal Blows stout and lusty,
 On those who would ravage our Land

With Cannon, &c.

How blithe lives the bold *British* Sailor ?
 Good Flip and good Punch his Delight :
 He dreads not on Board a stern Goaler,
 But sings on from Morning 'till Night.
 Whilst *Frenchmen* in Galleys are fighting,
 Condemn'd to the Oar and the Chain,
 Their Officers heed not their crying,
 But lash them the more they complain.

With Cannon, &c.

But, hark ! *Stepney* Bells are a ringing ;
 The Gale wafts the sweet Musick nigher :
 Methinks I to Battle am springing,
 O the Sound sets my Soul all on Fire.
 Ring louder, ye Bells, O ring louder,
 And Victory must be our own :
 Whilst *Frenchmen* exhausting their Powder,
 Their signal Defeat shall bemoan.

With Cannon, &c.

One Kiss, dearest *Nell*, and I leave you ;
 Take Care of our *Dicky* and *Nan*,
 By *Neptune*, I'll never deceive you,
 But toast you in every Cann.

When

When I in my Hammock am rolling,
 I'll dream of *Nelly* my Dove;
 Abroad, never once go a strolling,
 But come back quite brimful of Love.

With Cannon, &c.

S O N G CLV.

THERE was a Maid, and she went to the Mill,
 Sing trolly, lolly, lolly, lolly, lo.
 The Mill turn'd round, but the Maid stood still.
 Oh ho! did she so? did she so? did she so?

The Miller he kiss'd her, away she went;
 Sing trolly, &c.
 The Maid was well pleas'd, and the Miller content,
 Oh ho! was he so? &c.

He danc'd, and he sung, while the Mill went Clack,
 Sing trolly, &c.
 And he cherish'd his Heart with a Cup of old Sack,
 Oh ho! did he so? &c.

S O N G CLVI.

IN various Shapes I've oft been known, to please the
 Ears and Eyes,
 Nor I the only one in Town that wears the black Dis-
 guise,
 That wears the black Disguise.
Sweep, sweep, sweep, sweep.
 In Spite of Mocks, and Flouts, or Fleers, a Truth I
 must impart,
 No Chimney Half so foul appears, as doth the human
 Heart,
 No Chimney Half so foul appears, as doth the human
 Heart.

Sweep, sweep, sweep Soot, ho!

The

The learned Lawyers could I win, to give their Briefs
to me,
From foul Demur and many a Sin, my Brush shou'd set
them free.

Sweep, &c.

Observe the Doctors as they roll, and scrape from all
Degrees,
Much sweeping wants each sooty Soul, all clogg'd with
filthy Fees.

Sweep, &c.

So proud and trim yon Priest behold, that vicious
rev'rend Beau,
There's no such Thing as cleansing him, the D——l
and I do know.

Sweep, &c.

The Statesman, with that Brow severe, had been as
well forgot;
His Conscience is as Ermine clear, and therefore needs
me not.

Sweep, &c.

S O N G CLVII.

DEAREST Creature of all Nature,
Oh! I rage, I burn, I smart;
Cease to grieve me, soon relieve me,
Or too sure you'll break my Heart;
Cease to grieve me, soon relieve me,
Or too sure you'll break my Heart,
Or too sure you'll break my Heart.
Love, like War, has in its Power,
Both a kind and fatal Hour;
Save me then, O conq'ring Fair!
Think thy Captive worth thy Care,
Save me then, O conq'ring Fair!
Think thy Captive worth thy Care.

Musick's

Musick's Charms shall still invite thee,
 Love's Alarms will sure delight thee;
 Can I part, my Dear, my Treasure,
 All my Joy, and all my Pleasure?
 No, no Dearest, &c.

S O N G CLVIII.

WHY shou'd I my Passion smother,
 Or the Man I love torment?
 My Frowns may drive him to another,
 Then too late I may repent,
 Then too late I may repent.

How often has he fondly woo'd me,
 Yet I always seem'd coy;
 'Tho' in melting Strains he su'd me,
 Against my Will I did deny.

Thus we force ourselves to suffer,
 And slight what we so much prize;
 Yet it's easy to discover
 Our own Thoughts within our Eyes.

I cannot resist no longer,
 He's the only Man I love;
 And my Passion grows the stronger,
 Since he does so constant prove.

I'll endeavour to regain him,
 And his constant Love require;
 'Tho' so long I did disdain him,
 In him alone I take Delight.

Sweet Endearments may allure him,
 Never can I be at Rest,
 'Till for ever I secure him;
 It's he alone can make me blest.

S O N G

S O N G CLIX.

GOOD Mother, if you please, you may,
Place others to observe my Way ;
Or be yourself the watchful Spy,
And keep me ever in your Eye,
And keep me ever in your Eye.

Unless the Will itself restrain,
The Care of others is in vain ;
And if myself I do not keep,
Instead of watching you may sleep.

When you forbid what Love inspires,
Forbidding, you but fan its Fires ;
Restraint does Appetite enrage,
And Youth may prove too strong for Age.

Then leave me unconfin'd and free,
With Prudence for my Lock and Key ;
For if myself I do not keep,
Instead of watching all may sleep.

S O N G CLX.

YE Purple blooming Roses,
Whom Love in Wreaths disposes ;
Why guard ye so your Treasure,
And grudge the Boy his Pleasure ?

So mix'd with Sweet and Sour,
Life's not unlike the Flower ;
When it's unpluck'd will languish,
And gather'd 'tis with Anguish.

Then

Then, lovely Boy, bring hither,
The Chaplet ere it wither ;
Steep'd in the various Juices,
The cluster'd Vine produces.

This round my moisten'd Tresses,
The Use of Life expresses ;
Wine blunts the Thorn of Sorrow,
Our Rose may fade To-morrow.

S O N G CLXI.

DOMESTICK Bird, whom wintry Blasts
To seek for human Aid compel,
To me for Warmth and Shelter fly,
Welcome beneath my Roof to dwell.

Supplies, thy Hunger to relieve,
I'll daily at my Window lay ;
Assur'd that daily those Supplies,
With grateful Song thou wilt repay.

Soon as the new returning Spring,
Shall call thee forth to Woods and Groves ;
Freely revisit then the Scene,
Which Notes so sweet as thine approves.

But if another Winter's Frost
Shall bring me back my Guest again,
Again with Musick come prepar'd,
Thy friendly Host to entertain.

The sacred Pow'r of Harmony,
In this its best Effect appears ;
That Friendship in the strictest Bond,
It both engages and endears.

In Musick's ravishing Delight,
 You feather'd Folks with Men agree ;
 Of all the animated World,
 The only Harmonists are we.

S O N G CLXII.

IF all that I love is her Face,
 From looking I sure can refrain ;
 In another I Likeness may trace,
 Or Absence may cure all my Pain.

This said, from her Charms I retir'd,
 Nor knew I 'till then how I lov'd ;
 What present my Passion admir'd,
 In Absence my Reason approv'd.

Then why shou'd I hope for Relief,
 Where all that I see is Disdain ?
 No Pity in her for my Grief,
 No Merit in me to complain.

Nor yet do I Fortune upbraid,
 Tho' robb'd of my Freedom and Ease ;
 Still proud of the Choice I have made,
 Tho' hopeless it ever can please.

S O N G CLXIII.

ON dear Zelinda's Charms I gaze,
 And drink Destruction from her Eye ;
 In those bright Orbs Love gaily plays,
 And laughing bids his Arrows fly.
 He wounds without easing,
 The Pain is yet pleasing ;

So sweet is the Anguish,
 I love and I languish,
 I love and I languish ;
 And, when with my Charmer, methinks I cou'd die,
 And, when with my Charmer, &c.
 With *Venus*, when on *Ida's* Grove,
 For Charms *Zelinda* may compare ;
 She looks and moves the Queen of Love,
 As fair her Face, divine her Air.
 Bright Youth and good Nature,
 Light up ev'ry Feature ;
 With Wit all inviting,
 She's gay and delighting ;
 Inviting, delighting ;
 O *Cupid* assist me my Charmer to move,
 O *Cupid* assist me my Charmer to move.

S O N G CLXIV.

CLEON, whose Heart foretold Despair,
 Thus mourn'd his hapless Fate ;
 Long have I tasted pining Care,
 Which cruel Fears create.
 How did the pleasing Minutes waste,
 Whilst *Sylvia* blest the Grove ?
 But Minutes tedious Ages last,
 Now torn from her I love.
 See how the Village blithly gay,
 Is all a joyous Scene,
 The rural Nymphs all hail the *May* ;
 Like them, I've happy been.
 But now no Pleasure sooths my Care,
 Their happy Sports I shun ;
 And, fond my *Sylvia's* Griefs to share,
 Am gloriously undone.

O

S O N G

S O N G CLXV.

WHEN beauteous fair *Camilla* deigns
 To give a generous Smile,
 Unfeign'd in her what Sweetness reigns,
 What pleasing Airs beguile ?
 Than her, no V'let, Pink or Rose,
 More grac'd when blown appear ;
 Far lovelier Bloom her Looks disclose,
 To bright her heavenly Sphere.

Youth, Beauty, Wit, good Nature, are
 Around her Person join'd ;
 While spotless ev'ry Virtue rare,
 Is center'd in her Mind.
 In her chaste Form no Taints arise,
 No Female Pride upbraids ;
 Kind Nature their Defect supplies,
 And each Perfection aids.

In vain let *Flavia* boast her Face,
Stella her Soul's rich Store ;
 While all in fam'd *Camilla* trace,
 Joys unreveal'd before.
 Since then *Camilla*'s brighter Charms,
 Such prime Delights impart ;
 How blest the Man who in his Arms,
 Can share her Virgin Heart?

S O N G CLXVI.

WEEP not, my lovely *Celia* fair,
 Beneath the silent Grove ;
 Forfake the Choice of dull Despair,
 And rise a happier Love :

Where

Where rosy Fragrance deck each Hill,
The bleating Herds each Vale ;
And prattling Zephyrs kindly thrill,
To sooth each amorous Tale.

By Hedgerow, Green, or Fountain Side,
Or to some lonely Rill ;
Where sporting Fishes gaily glide,
And wanton at their Will :
Where the brisk Lark, high soaring round,
Now cheers the dewy Morn ;
Where fragrant Vi'lets paint the Ground,
And ev'ry Walk adorn.

Or to the Myrtle Shade, my Fair,
Pleas'd with the fond Delight,
Together joyous we'll repair,
And glad each others Sight :
While feather'd Songsters warbling round,
Their pleasing Transports bring,
And answ'ring to each others Sound,
In Notes harmonious sing.

Like cooing Doves together pair'd,
Wrapt in a balmy Kiss,
We'll sit and toy 'till we have shar'd
Each others mutual Bliss :
Then o'er the smiling Plains we'll rove
Beside the fleecy Care ;
And ever more I'll constant prove,
Unto my *Celia* dear.

S O N G CLXVII.

LOVE sounds the Alarm,
And Fear is a flying ;
When Beauty's the Prize,
What Mortal fears dying ?

In Defence of my Treasure,
I'll bleed at each Vein ;
Without her no Pleasure,
For Life is a Pain.

S O N G CLXVIII.

MOGGY, dear *Moggy*, why thus am I flighted,
Why with thy Frowns is my Passion required ?
Thousands of Beauties for thee I've neglected,
Yet in Return am not lov'd or respected.

Now with soft Smiles, or sad Frowns, you can charm
me ;

Beauty's uncertain, old Age will disarm you :
Fresh as the Spring tho' you're now, yet remember ;
May must exchange for the Frosts in *December*.

Lillies and Roses, tho' Winter devour 'em,
Yet the Return of the Spring will restore 'em :
Beauty ne'er boasted that happy Exemption ;
Beauty, once faded, is past all Redemption.

S O N G CLXIX.

THO' I sweep to and fro old Iron to find,
Brass Pins, rusty Nails, they are all to my Mind ;
Yet I wear a sound Heart true to great *George* our King,
And tho' ragged and poor, with clear Conscience can
sing.

C H O R U S.

*Tho' I sweep to and fro, yet I'd have you to know,
There are Sweepers in high Life, as well as in low.*

The Statesman he sweeps in his Coffers the Blunt,
That shou'd pay the poor Soldiers that Honour do hunt ;
The Action tho' dirty, he cares not a Straw,
So he gets but the Keady, the Rabble may jaw.

Tho' I sweep, &c.

I'm

I'm told that the Parson (for I never go
To hear a Man preach what he'll never stick to;)
'Tis all for the Sweepings he tips ye the Cant;
You might pray by yourselves else, depend Sirs
upon't.

Tho' I sweep, &c.

One sweeps you from this Life, you cannot tell
where,

And to what Place you go to the Doctor don't care,
So he brings in his Bill, your long Purses to broach;
Then he laughs in his Sleeve, as he rides in his Coach.

Tho' I sweep, &c.

But Honesty's best in what Station we are,
For the grand Sweeper DEATH we can sooner prepare;
Your Statesman, your Parson, your Physick and Law,
When Death takes a Sweep, are no more than a Chaw.

Tho' I sweep, &c.

S O N G CLXX.

WHAT tho' his Guilt my Heart hath torn,
Yet lovely is his Mien;
His Eyes mild op'ning as the Morn,
Round him each Grace is seen:
But, oh! ye Maids, your Hearts ne'er let him win;
For, oh! Deceit and Falshood dwell within.

From his red Lip his Accents stole,
More soft than feather'd Snows;
Melting they fell, and in the Soul
Desire and Joy arose:
But oh! ye Maids, ne'er listen to his Art;
For, oh! base Falshood rankles in his Heart,

He left me in this lonely Place ;
 He fled, and left me here ;
 Another *Ariadne's* Fate,
 To mourn the live-long Year.
 He fled ; but, oh ! what Pain the Heart must prove,
 Revealing thus the Crimes of him we love !

S O N G CLXXI.

DEAR *Ally*, I love thee, I hope there's no Harm
 in that ;

You are so witty, so pretty, so charming, that
 Whenever I see you, my Heart it goes pity pat ;
 And I grow lean and dry, who once was sleek and
 fat :

Save me, save me, dear *Ally* save me,
 For I will hang myself, if you won't have me.

I'm grown a mere Sloven, who once was a flirting
 Fop,

And my coal-black Hair, oh ! you'd take it for a dirty
 Mop ;

My Face it is parched like an over-done Mutton
 Chop,

Which won't of Gravy afford you one single Drop :

Gravy, Gravy, one Drop of Gravy,
 So thin and dry, oh ! looks your poor *Davie*.

When first I was ask'd to take Tea with my *Ally*
 dear,

I put on my Kerry-Stone Buckles and Solitaire ;

And I call'd to the Barber, and cry'd, shave me, Sir,
 d'y'hear,

I'll give you Six-pence to drink it in Ale and Beer :

Shave me, shave me, powder and shave me,

And make me spruce and fine before you leave me.

Oh, then to the Place of Appointment I hurried me,

Where your ~~bright~~ Eyes so surprizingly worried me,
 From

From that very Hour I thought of no other than thee,
And I do most humbly crave you my Bride to be :
Crave thee, crave thee, oh ! how I crave thee,
And I do most humbly hope for to have thee.

Oh, then will you have me, you dear little Knave you,
I will your Husband be and never leave you ;
My Sir-Name is *Drupe*, and my Christian-Name *Davie*,
And when we're married we'll go to *Glannavy* ;
Navy, navy, go to *Glannavy*,
Who'll be so happy as *Ally* and *Davie* ?

S O N G CLXXII.

PLEASING Visions shall attend thee,
Soft Repose and blooming Joy ;
Smiling Hours the Gods shall send thee,
Happy then their Gifts employ.
Pleasing Visions shall attend thee,
Soft Repose and blooming Joy.

S O N G CLXXIII.

A Thousand Raptures fill my Breast,
And glow thro' ev'ry Vein ;
How bright is Joy, how grateful Rest,
Succeeding Toil and Pain !
A thousand Raptures fill my Breast,
And glow thro' ev'ry Vein.

S O N G CLXXIV.

LET not Pleasure's Charms undo thee ;
Trust not the deluding Joy ;
Tho' the Syren softly woo thee,
Gaily smiling,
And beguiling,
She'll thy nobler Bliss destroy.
Let not Pleasure's Charms undo thee ;
Trust not the deluding Joy.

S O N G

S O N G C L X X V .

HARK! the hollow Groves resounding
 Echo to the Hunter's Cry!
 Hark how all the Vales surrounding
 To his chearing Voice reply!

Now so swift o'er Hills aspiring,
 He pursues the gay Delight,
 Distant Woods and Plains retiring
 Seem to vanish from his Sight.

Hark! the hollow Groves resounding
 Echo to the Hunter's Cry!
 Hark how all the Vales surrounding
 To his chearing Voice reply!

S O N G C L X X V I .

HEAR me, Love, my Sorrows ending,
 While I wander thro' this Shade;
Venus, with thy Doves descending,
 Guide me to the beauteous Maid.
 All ye smiling Loves attending,
 Come in Pity to my Aid.
 Hear me, Love, my Sorrows ending,
 While I wander thro' this Shade;
Venus, with thy Doves descending,
 Guide me to the beauteous Maid.

S O N G C L X X V I I .

CRUEL *Cupid*, break thy Darts!
 Love and Conquest are no more:
 Vain are all my softer Arts;
 Hope deceives me,
 Pleasure leaves me,
 I must now my Loss deplore.
 Cruel *Cupid*, break thy Darts!
 Love and Conquest are no more.

S O N G

S O N G CLXXVIII.

BALMY Sweetness ever flowing,
 From her dropping Lip distils;
 Flowers on her Cheeks are blowing,
 And her Voice with Music thrills.
Zephyrs o'er the Spices flying,
 Wafting sweet from every Tree;
 Sick'ning Sense with Odours cloying,
 Breathe not half so sweet as she.

S O N G CLXXIX.

FAIR and comely is my Love,
 And softer than the blue-ey'd Dove;
 Down her Neck the wanton Locks
 Bound like the Kids on *Gilead's* Rocks;
 Her Teeth like Flocks in Beauty seem,
 New shorn, and dropping from the Stream;
 Her glowing Lips by far out-vie,
 The plaited Threads of Scarlet Dye;
 Whene'er she speaks the Accents wound,
 And Music floats upon the Sound.

S O N G CLXXX.

ARISE, my Fair, and come away,
 The chearful Spring begins To-day:
 Bleak Winter's gone with all her Train
 Of chilling Frosts, and dropping Rain:
 Amidst the Verdure of the Mead
 The Primrose lifts her Velvet Head:
 The warbling Birds the Woods among,
 Salute the Season with a Song:
 The cooing Turtle in the Grove
 Renews his tender Tale of Love;
 The Vines their infant Tendrils shoot:
 The Fig-Tree buds with early Fruit:
 All welcome in the genial Ray:
 Arise, my Fair, and come away.

CHORUS.

CHORUS.

All welcome in the genial Ray;
Arise, O fair One! come away.

SONG CLXXXI.

THOU soft Invader of the Soul!
O Love, who shall thy Power controul!
To quench thy Fires whole Rivers drain,
Thy burning Heat shall still remain.
In vain we trace the Globe to try,
If pow'rful Gold thy Joys can buy:
The Treasures of the World will prove
Too poor a Bribe to purchase Love.

CHORUS.

In vain we trace the Globe to try,
If pow'rful Gold thy Joys can buy:
The Treasures of the World will prove
Too poor a Bribe to purchase Love.

SONG CLXXXII.

YE fam'd witty Nine,
Assist my Design,
And put your sweet Voices in Tune;
While *Parnassus* I mount,
And in Carrols recount,
The Joys of the social *Half-Moon*.

The yellow-hair'd *Scot*,
His *Pattie* has got,
The *Hibernian* his *Ellen a roon*;
But *Britons* fond Lays,
To night are in Praise
Of their Mistress, chaste *Cynthia*, the Moon.

Some

Some Bards may declare,
 That *Kitty* is fair,
 And more sweet than the *Roses* in *June*;
 But what reigning Toast,
 At *St. James's* can boast,
 Such a Number of Stars as the Moon.

Then *Bacchus* do thou,
 Be kind to us now,
 And luxuriously favour our Boon;
 Fill the Bowl to the Brink,
 That your Vor'ries may Drink,
 'Till their Faces look like the Full Moon.

Let dull sober Fools,
 Whom Temperance rules,
 Sneak away to their Pillows by Noon;
 Such choice Souls as we,
 Gay, Jovial and Free,
 Stagger Home by the Light of the Moon.

We laugh and we sing,
 Our Glasses we ring,
 To depart always think it too soon;
 Then while there's good Wine,
 Let's chearfully join,
 In a Health to the Man in the Moon.

S O N G CLXXXIII.

THO' *Austria* and *Russia*, *France*, *Flanders* and
Prussia,
 Have Heroes who claim Truth's Attention;
 In the Roll of fair Fame, as he took down each Name,
 Some *Britons*, I said, he should mention:
 And since we have Men, who are worthy his Pen,
 Who for *England* act nobly as can be;
 When he saw me persist, then he open'd his List,
 And in Front stood the Marquis of *Granby*.

Old

Old Time shook his Scythe as he tottering stood by,
His Iron Teeth dreadfully grated ;
But the sad looking Crone clear'd his Brow from a
Frown,

When Fame had my Errand related :
The Cheeks of the Churl with a Smile seem'd to curl,
And he answer'd me pleasant as can be ;
Saith the single-lock'd Seer, Friend, this Point's pretty
clear,
We all love the Marquis of *Granby*.

Like Curs in the Manger let Malecontents rave,
And talk how enfeebled our Race is,
That our Fathers were manly, were vigorous and brave,
And their Hearts we might read in their Faces :
What our Ancestors were, at present we are,
I can prove it as plainly as can be ;
Let them that would see what a *Briton* should be,
Behold but the Marquis of *Granby*.

Had the Cynic *Diogenes* liv'd to this Day,
He'd thrown down his Lanthorn to view him ;
He's esteem'd by the Good, and ador'd by the Gay,
And Fox-Hunters hark away to him :
By his Monarch sent over to break the *French* Cover,
With bold Pack stanch as stanch can be ;
Of *British* True Blues to hunt the *French* Jews,
When led by the Marquis of *Granby*.

Bigot *Spain* hath vast Wealth, fickle *France* has rich
Wines,

The *Italians* show marvellous Banners ;
The *Indians* may boast of Emerald fill'd Mines,
But *Lincolnshire* boasts of its *Manners* ;
The Diamond when worn, the Wearer adorn,
And sparkle as brilliant as can be ;
But a Flash from such Toys is momentary Joys,
For the Jewel of ——— is *Granby*. Now

Now the Hazards of War for a Season subside,
 His Country commands not his Duty ;
 Blow Winds to his Wishes, be Safety his Guide,
 To *England*, Love, Friendship, and Beauty.
 From what do ye call *Paderborn*, may he happy return,
 Aye, quickly too, quickly as can be ;
 What shall we say then ? why there's *Granby* again ;
 And again to the Marquis of *Granby*.

S O N G CLXXXIV.

BLITHE *Colin*, a pretty young Swain,
 To court me walks many a Mile ;
 I bid him return back again,
 'Tho' I wish him to stay a great while.

With all by which Love is express'd,
 He studies my Heart to beguile ;
 I wish him Success, I protest,
 'Tho' I tell him he'll wait a great while.

He brought me this Nofegay so sweet,
 And thought it more Pleasure than Toil ;
 I took it reserv'd and discreet,
 But I let him not wait a great while.

He begg'd me to grant him a Kiss,
 So earnest it made me to smile ;
 Have done, I cry'd : Fie ! 'tis amiss ;
 'Tho' I wish'd it to last a great while.

He tells me I ought to be kind ;
 That Time all my Beauties will spoil :
 I cross him, tho' quite of his Mind,
 For I love he should talk a great while.

P

I fancy,

I fancy, by what he has said,
My Husband he'll be by his Stile;
And when he once asks me to wed,
Oh! I'll not live a Maid a great while.

S O N G CLXXXV.

A Term full as long as the Siege of old *Troy*,
To win a sweet Girl I my Time did employ;
Oft urg'd her the Day for our Marriage to set,
As often she answer'd, 'tis Time enough yet,
Time enough yet, &c.

I told her at last, that her Passions were wrong;
And more, that I scorn'd to be fool'd with so long:
She burst out a laughing, at seeing me fret;
And, humming a Tune, cry'd, 'tis Time enough yet,
Time enough yet, &c.

Determin'd by her to be laugh'd at no more,
I flew from her Presence and bound'd out of Door;
Resolv'd of her Usage the better to get,
Or on her my Eyes again never to set,
Never to set, &c.

To me the next Morning her Maid came in Haste,
And begg'd for God's sake, I'd forget what was past;
Declar'd her young Lady did nothing but fret;
I told her I'd think on't, 'twas Time enough yet,
Time enough yet, &c.

She next in a Letter, as long as my Arm,
Declar'd from her Soul she intended no Harm;
And begg'd I the Day for our Marriage would set;
I wrote her for Answer, 'tis Time enough yet,
Time enough yet, &c.

But

But that was scarce gone when a Message I sent,
To shew in my Heart I began to relent ;
I begg'd I might see her, together we met,
We kiss'd and were Friends again, so we are yet,
So we are yet, &c.

S O N G CLXXXVI.

UPON a Summer's Evening clear,
 Dione, hapless Maid !
All wan with Grief and pining Care,
 Sought out a secret Shade ;
How wretched, ah ! and chang'd am I,
 Unhappy Maid ? said she ;
No Scene is pleasing to my Eye !
 No Flower is sweet to me !
So many Vows could *Colin* make
 To me, ah ! faithless Swain ;
And yet those plighted Vows to break,
 And leave me to complain ;
Why did I rashly seek his Arms,
 And his fond Tale believe ?
Alas ! I yielded all my Charms,
 Nor thought he could deceive.
Yet why are Roses such a Store,
 And Lillies in my Face ;
Since *Lucy* now can please you more,
 And claim your fond Embrace ?
My brightest Charms I'd willing give,
 Resign my rosy Hue ;
Content with *Lucy's* Charms, I'd live
 A rural Maid for you.
But *Colin's* deaf while I upbraid,
 Nor heeds when I complain ;
Thinks not I am the injur'd Maid,
 And he the perjur'd Swain :

Yet know, false Man, *Dione's* Shade
To fright you shall appear ;
And when you climb the Marriage-Bed,
Dione will be there.

S O N G CLXXXVII.

O F all the Girls in our Town,
The Black, the Fair, the Red, the Brown,
That dance, and prance it up and down,
There's none like *Nancy Dawson*.
Her easy Mien, her Shape so neat,
She foots, she trips, she looks so sweet,
Her every Motion is compleat,
I die for *Nancy Dawson*.

See how she comes to give Surprise,
With Joy and Pleasure in her Eyes ;
To give Delight she always tries,
So means my *Nancy Dawson*.
Was there no Task t'obstruct the Way,
No *Shuter* bold, nor House so gay,
A Bet of Fifty Pounds I'd lay,
That I gain'd *Nancy Dawson*.

See how the Opera takes a Run,
Exceeding *Hamlet*, *Lear*, and *Lun*,
Tho' in it there would be no Fun,
Was't not for *Nancy Dawson*.
Tho' *Beard* and *Brent* charm ev'ry Night,
And Female *Peachum's* justly right,
And *Filch* and *Lockit* please the Sight,
'Tis crown'd by *Nancy Dawson*.

See little *Davy* strut and puff,
Pox on the Opera and such Stuff,
My House is never full enough,
A Curse on *Nancy Dawson*.

Tho'

'Tho' G——k he has had his Day,
And forc'd the Town his Laws t'obey,
Now *Johnny R—h* is come in play,
With Help of *Nancy Dawson*.

S O N G CLXXXVIII.

A C A N T A T A.

R E C I T A T I V E.

A Wretch, long tortur'd with Disdain,
That ever pin'd, but pin'd in vain;
At length the God of Wine address'd,
Sure Refuge of a wounded Breast.

A I R.

Vouchsafe, O Pow'r, thy healing Aid;
Teach me to gain the cruel Maid:
Thy Juices take the Lover's Part,
Flush his wan Looks, and chear his Heart.

R E C I T A T I V E.

To *Bacchus* thus the Lover cry'd,
And thus the jolly God reply'd:

A I R.

Give whining o'er, be brisk and gay,
And quaff his sneaking Form away:
With dauntless Mien approach the Fair;
The Way to conquer is to dare.

R E C I T A T I V E.

The Swain pursu'd the God's Advice;
The Nymph was now no longer nice.

A I R.

She smil'd, and spok the Sex's Mind ;
 When you grow daring, we grow kind :
 Men to themse'ves are most severe,
 And make us Tyrants by their Fear.

S O N G CLXXXIX.

As *Famie Gay*,
 Gang'd blyth his Way
 Along the Banks of *Tweed*,
 A bonny Lass
 As ever was,
 Came tripping o'er the Mead :
 The hearty Swain,
 Untaught to feign,
 The buxom Nymph survey'd,
 And full of Glee,
 As Lad could be,
 Bespoke the pretty Maid.

Dear Lassy tell,
 Why by thy sell,
 Thou lonely wanderest here ;
 My Ewes, she cry'd,
 Are straying wide,
 Can'st tell me, Laddy, where ?
 To 'Town I'll hie,
 He made Reply,
 Some muckle Sport to see ;
 But thou'rt so sweet,
 So trim, so neat,
 I'll seek thy Ewes with thee.

She gin her Hand,
 And made no stand,
 But lik'd the Youth's Intent,

O'er

O'er Hill and Dale,
O'er Plain and Vale,
Right merrily they went :
The Birds sung sweet,
The Pair to greet,
And Flowerets bloom'd around ;
And as they walk'd,
Of Love they talk'd,
And Lovers Joys when crown'd.

And now the Sun
Had rose to Noon,
'The Zenith of his Pow'r,
When to the Shade,
Their Steps they made,
To pass the mid-day Hour :
The bonny Lad,
Row'd in his Plaid,
The Lads who scorn'd to frown ;
She soon forgot
The Ewes she sought,
And he to gang to Town.

S O N G CXC.

LAST *Tuesday* Morn at Break of Day,
As I went out to gather May,
The Songsters all did sweetly sing,
And warbled Welcome to the Spring ;
I met a Damsel full of Charms,
And stopp'd and clasp'd her in my Arms ;
She push'd me off, as vex'd she'd been,
And, frowning said, what do you mean ?

My Dear, said I, I mean no Harm ;
Then round her Waist replac'd my Arm,
And thus went on—Thy comely Air,
And beauteous Form my Soul ensnare ;

Then

Then on her Lips a Kiss I seal'd,
Which might my Meaning have reveal'd,
Or in my Eyes she might it seen ;
Yet Swain, she cry'd, what do you mean ?

Still further Freedoms I'd have took,
But she so innocent did look,
That evil Thoughts to good gave Way,
And Virtue prompt me thus to say ;
Fair Maid, if you can love a Swain,
Who'll give you Love for Love again,
Let's to the Church across the Green,
And Love shall dictate what I mean.

Young Swain, she cry'd, if you're sincere,
To Love and Virtue I'll adhere ;
Then gave her Hand to seal Consent,
So instantly to Church we went.
Three happy Nights are past and gone,
Since we by *Hymen* were made one ;
And now she knows, she's felt, she's seen,
And's pleas'd with what I then did mean.

S O N G CXCI.

IT is not for *Polly*, it is not for *Ann*,
It is not for *Marget*, it is not for *Fan*,
It is not for *Lucy*, for *Sally* I vex,
But the *Je-ne-scai-quoy* that belongs to the Sex.

The Pride of *Amanda*, I view with an Eye,
That laughs at the Puppies who whimper and sigh :
For Reason so dictates ; be frolick, my Boy ;
Grief is not the Passport to *Je-ne-scai-quoy*.

The Witty, the Pretty, the Wanton, the Prude,
The dignified Lady, the Villager rude,

My

My Passions enraptur'd coequal employ,
For all are Dispensers of *Je-ne-scai-quoy*.

Ye Dablers in Metre, Retailers of Dreams,
With your Garlands of Willows and murmuring
Streams,

O pox of your Nonsense; such Dampers of Joy
Ought never to taste of the *Je-ne-scai-quoy*.

Are you fearful to fail, when the Fair you pursue?
Call on *Tomkins*, and throw down a Bumper or two;
Your Meagrimms there's nought like Champaigne to
destroy,

'Tis the shortest of Cuts to the *Je-ne-scai-quoy*.

SONG CXCH.

WHERE's my Swain so blythe and clever?
Why d'ye leave me all in Sorrow?

Three whole Days are gone for ever,
Since you said you'd come To-morrow.

If you lov'd but Half as I do,
You'd been here with Looks so bonny;
Love has flying Wings I well know,
Not for lingering lazy *Jehnnny*.

What can he be now a doing?
Is he with his Lasses maying?
He had better here been wooing,
Than with others fondly playing.
Tell me truly where he's roving,
That I may no longer sorrow;
If he's weary grown of loving,
Let him tell me so To-morrow.

Does some fav'rite Rival hide thee?
Let her be the happy Creature;
I'll not plague myself to chide thee,
Nor dispute with her a Feature:

But

But I can't and will not tarry,
Nor will kill myself with Sorrow ;
I may lose the Time to marry,
If I wait beyond To-morrow.

Think not, Shepherd, thus to brave me,
If I'm yours, away no longer ;
If you won't, another'll have me ;
I may cool, but not grow fonder.
If your Lovers, Girls, forsake ye,
Whine not in Despair and Sorrow ;
Blest another Lad may make ye ;
Stay for none beyond To-morrow.

S O N G CXCIH.

R E C I T A T I V E.

DAMON had pluck'd a new-blown Rose,
And with this his Love he shows.

A I R.

Love has Wings as Poets say,
So has Beauty as we find ;
But as Beauty wears away,
Reason dawns upon the Mind :
Love with Beauty then should join,
Beauty should with Love combine.
Sages boast of Wisdom's Store,
Let them glean the classic Field ;
Muses have ye yet a Lore,
Phæbus this to Love shall yield :
And when Time Love's Wing shall clip,
Wisdom then shall feast the Lip.
Warm'd with Youth to ripe in Age,
Let us love, that we may live ;
Can the Cynic or the Sage,
Better Lessons ever give ?
Love me in thy Beauty's Prime,
Leave the Rest to Age and Time.

SONG

S O N G CXCIV.

THE Card invites, in Crowds we fly,
 To join the jovial routful Cry ;
 What Joy from Cares and Plagues all Day,
 To hie to the Midnight ? Hark ! away !

Nor Want, nor Pain, nor Grief, nor Care,
 Nor dromish Husbands enter there ;
 The Brisk, the Bold, the Young, the Gay,
 All hie to the Midnight ; Hark ! away !

Uncounted strikes the Morning Clock,
 And drowsy Watchmen idly knock ;
 'Till Day-Light peeps we sport and play,
 And roar to the jolly, Hark ! away !

When tir'd with Sport to Bed we creep,
 And kill the tedious Day with Sleep ;
 To-morrow's welcome Call obey,
 And again to the Midnight, Hark ! away !

S O N G CXCV.

GO tell *Aminta*, gentle Swain,
 I would not die, nor dare complain ;
 Thy tuneful Voice with Numbers join,
 Thy Voice will more prevail than mine.

For Souls oppress'd and drown'd with Grief,
 The Gods ordain'd this kind Relief ;
 That Musick shou'd in Sounds convey,
 What dying Lovers dare not say.

A Sigh, a Tear perhaps she'd give,
 But Love on Pity cannot live :
 Tell her that Hearts for Hearts were made,
 And Love with Love is only paid.

Tell

Tell her my Pains so fast increase,
That soon they will be past Redress;
For, ah! the Wretch that speechless lies,
Attends but Death to close his Eyes.

S O N G CXCVI.

R E C I T A T I V E.

THE kind Appointment *Celia* made,
And nam'd the Myrtle Bower;
There fretting long poor *Damon* staid,
Beyond the promis'd Hour:
No longer able to contain
His anxious Expectation,
With Rage he thought t'ally his Pain,
And vented thus his Passion.

A I R.

To all the Sex deceitful,
A long and last Adieu;
Since Women prove ungrateful,
As oft as Men prove true:
The Pains they give are many,
And, oh! too hard to bear;
The Joys they give, if any,
Few, short, and insincere.

R E C I T A T I V E.

Now *Celia*, from Mamma got loose,
Had reach'd the calm Retreat;
With modest Look she begg'd Excuse,
And chid her tardy Feet:
The Shepherd from each Doubt releas'd,
His Joy could not restrain;
But, as each tender Thought increas'd,
Thus chang'd his railing Strain.

A I R.

A I R.

How engaging, how endearing,
 Is a Lover's Pain and Care !
 And how bright the Nymph's appearing,
 After Absence or Despair !
 Women wise, increase Desiring,
 By invented kind Delays ;
 And, advancing or retiring,
 All they mean is more to please.

S O N G CXC VII.

R E C I T A T I V E.

TO yonder Beeches friendly Shade,
 Repair my *Aura*, lovely Maid !
 And while our Lambkins Frolick make,
 Thy Shepherd's Treasure smiling take.

A I R.

Where to my Wish thy Temples bound,
 How *India's* Gems should blaze around ;
 Yet Wishes are but idle Breath,
 Accept in Lieu a rosy Wreath.

Had I proud *Persia* at my Beck,
 What gaudy Robes my Fair shou'd deck ;
 But as it is vouchsafe to wear
 What once enwrapt my fleecy Care.

Of burnish'd Gold, or Silver fair,
 Those Feet of thine shou'd Sandals bear ;
 But all I have I offer now,
 The Hide of *Dap*, thy favourite Cow.

Said *Aura*, Sandals, Robes and Crowns,
 Are slender Proofs 'gainst Fortune's Frowns ;
 We've Health and Ease——Is Heaven scant ?
 Here take my Hand——We've all we want.

Q

S O N G

S O N G CXCVIII.

MORE bright the Sun began to dawn,
 The merry Birds to sing ;
 And Flow'rets dappled o'er the Lawn,
 In all the Pride of Spring :
 When for a Wreath young *Damon* stray'd,
 And smiling to me brought it ;
 Take this, he cry'd, my dearest Maid !
 And who——aye, who'd have thought it ?

I blush'd the Present to receive,
 And thank'd him o'er and o'er ;
 When soft he sigh'd, my Love, forgive,
 I must have something more :
 One kind sweet Kiss will pay me best ;
 So earnestly he sought it,
 I let him kiss me, I protest,
 And who——aye, who'd have thought it ?

A Swain that woo'd with so much Art,
 No Nymph could long disdain ;
 A secret Flame soon touch'd my Heart,
 And flush'd thro' every Vein :
 'Twas Love inspir'd the pleasing Change,
 From his my Bosom caught it :
 'Twas strange, indeed, 'twas passing strange,
 And who——aye, who'd have thought it ?

Hark, *Hymen* calls ! the Shepherd cry'd,
 Let us, my Fair, comply :
 We instant went, with Love our Guide,
 And bound the nuptial Tie :
 And ever since that happy Day,
 As mutual Warmth has taught it,
 We fondly kiss, and sport, and play,
 And who——aye, who'd have thought it ?

S O N G

S O N G CXCIX.

WHEN *Strephon* to *Chloe* made Love his Pretence,
 'Twas all but a Sham, his chief Aim was her
 Pence :

For Twelve Thousand Pounds the sly Gipsy did pass,
 And he topt as much, with an impudent Face.

And thus for a while they both lay on the Catch,
 'Till at length they consented, and struck up a Match ;
 But soon to their Cost, for all their deep Wit,
 He found himself trap'd, she found herself bit.

Such Wedlock's a Banter, the Wise make no doubt,
 And those that get in, would be glad to get out ;
 'Twas ever confess'd, since the World first began,
 Your Fortunes are Bites, and so bite as bite can.

Soldier and Citizen, Lawyer and 'Squire,
 Both Sexes for Money each other admire ;
 All spread out their Snares, in hopes to trapan :
 The World's all a Cheat, and so cheat as cheat can.

S O N G CC.

NYMPHS and Shepherds come away,
 Wanton in the Sweets of *May* ;
 Trip it o'er the flow'ry Lawns,
 Wanton as the bounding Fawns :
 Frolick, buxom, blithe, and gay,
 Nymphs and Shepherds come away.

S O N G CCI.

THE Chains of Love we wear with Pleasure,
 Whene'er the Charmer meets our Fire :
 But Beauty grows a fading Treasure,
 When jealous Fears disturb Desire.

S O N G

S O N G C C I I .

YE Powers, that o'er true Love preside,
To my fond Wish his Choice direct;
And let no jealous Pang divide
The blisful Pair which you protect.
But may a lasting Passion prove
Our Lives one mutual Scene of Love.

S O N G C C I I I .

ADVANCE, my brave Boys, for the Time's now
at Hand,
Your Courage, your Valour to show;
Like *Britons* of old, make *France* know Command,
And prove to them *England's* their Foe..
While *Prussia's* brave Host o'er *Germany's* Plains,
Deals dreadful his Conquests around,
And Victory's Wealth all Blood o'er he stains,
Shall *Britons* inglorious be found?
While *Hawke* and *Boscawen* still rule o'er the Main,
Whose Thunder's the Voice of dread Fate;
The Aim, my brave Boys, and the Cause still maintain,
And shew them each *Englishman's* great.
Like *Wolfe* let us live, or like *Wolfe* let us die;
'Tis Freedom our Courage demands:
Let us fall in the Field, and disdaining to fly,
Expire with our Swords in our Hands.
With our Monarch and Laws, what Nation can vie?
Such who from protecting wou'd stay?
No *Britons* defending wou'd murmur to die;
But, dying, wou'd loud cry, Huzza!

F I N I S .



1:11:6
2:2:5
3:5:4
4:5:6
5:1:1

